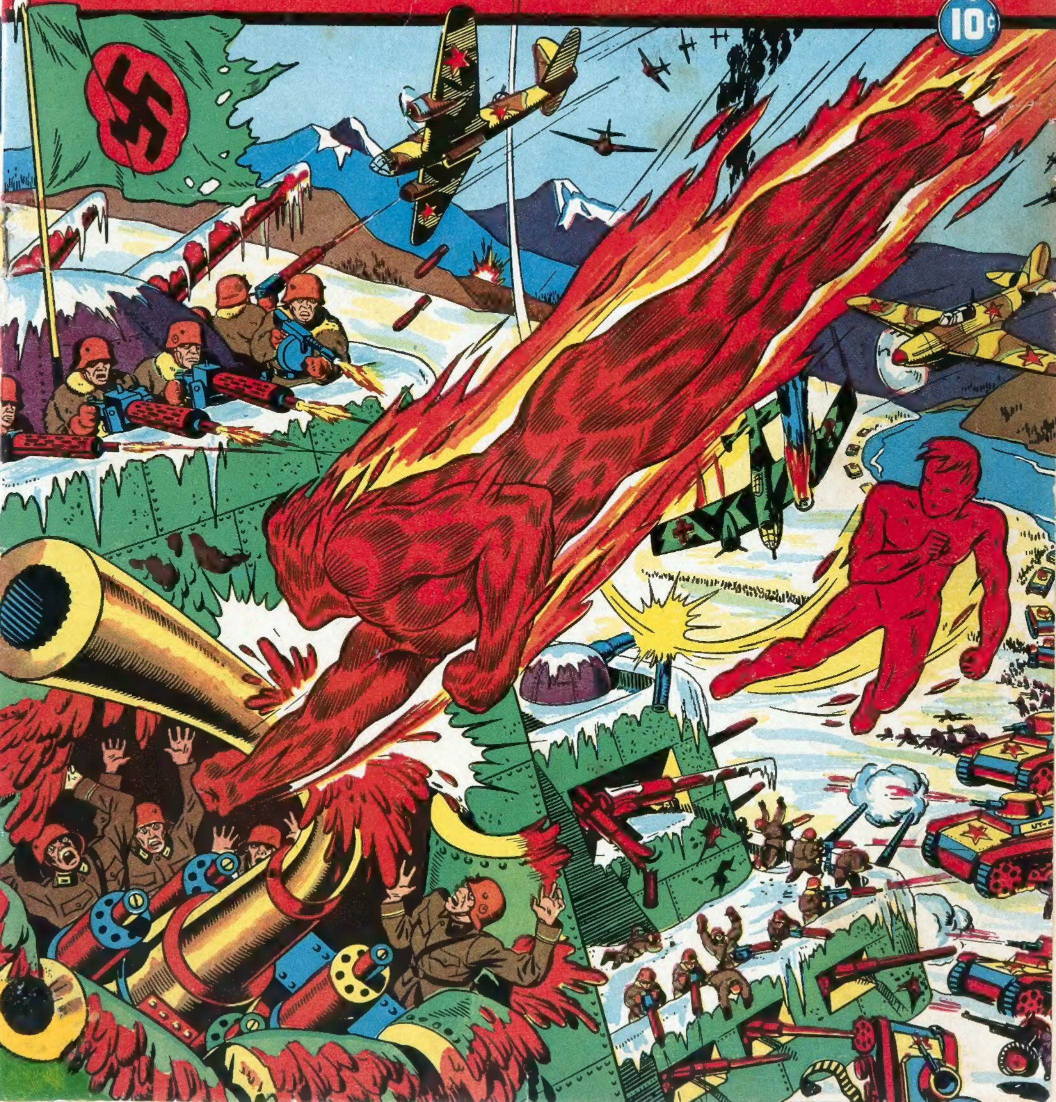
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 39

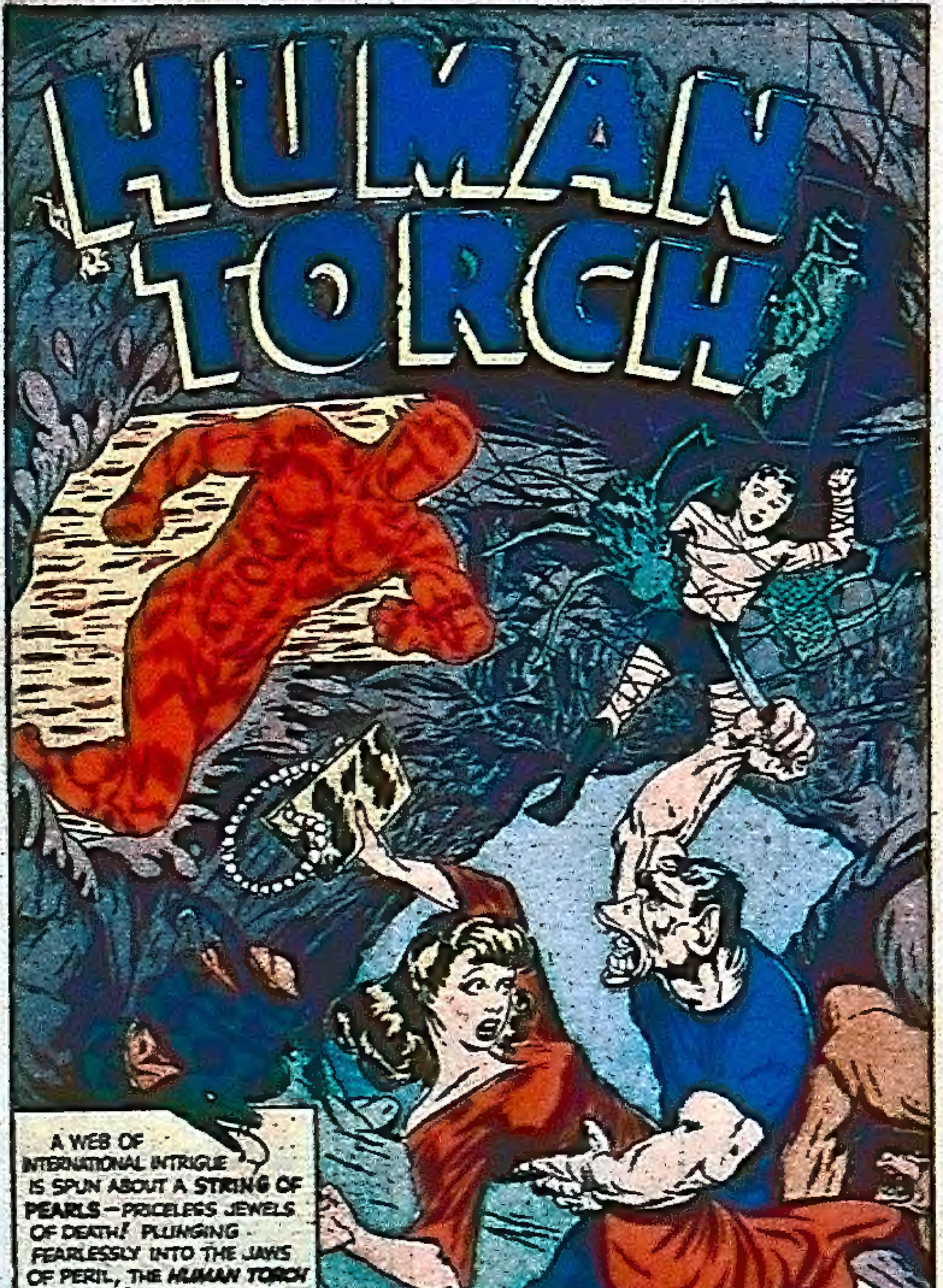
JANUARY

10¢

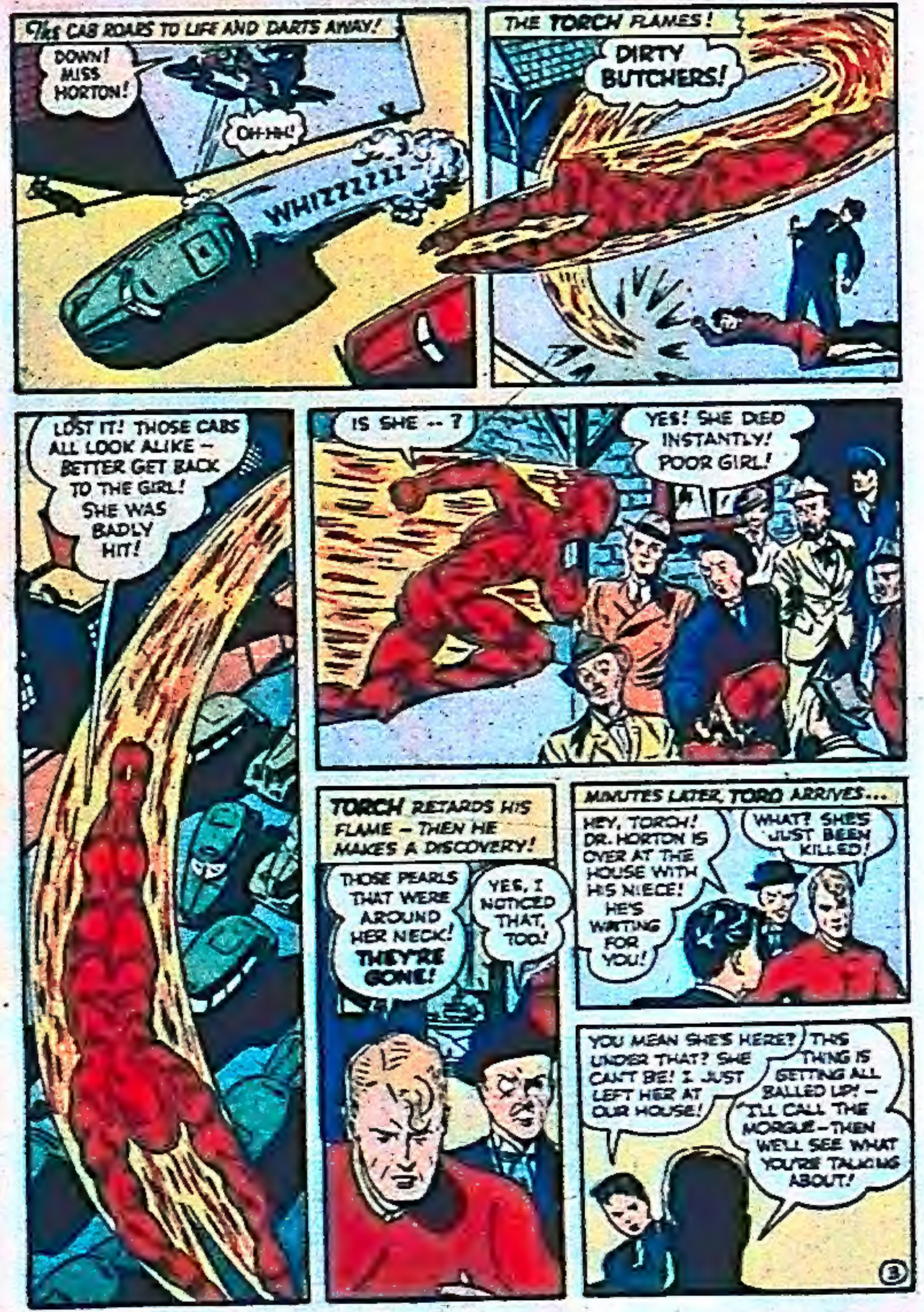


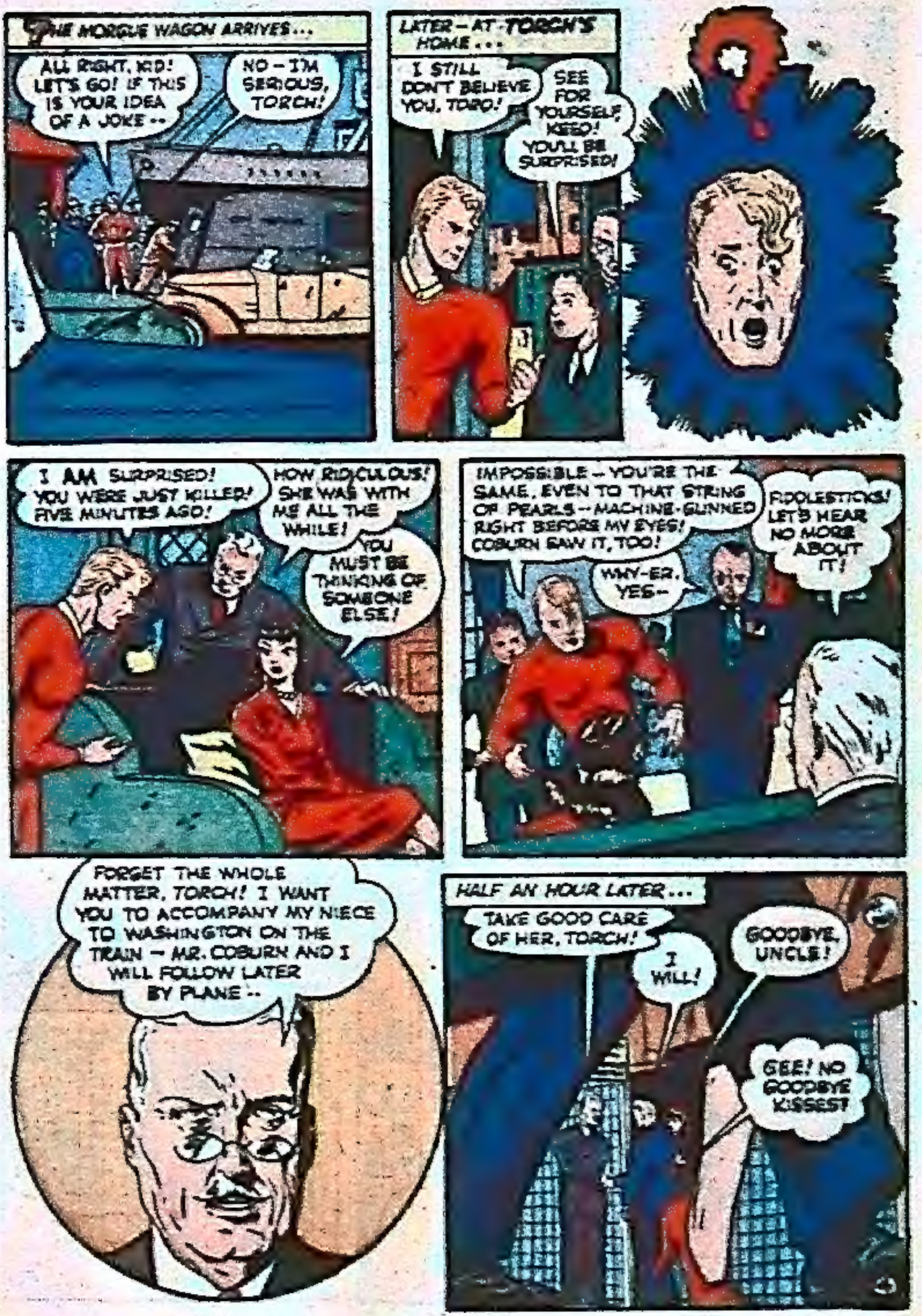
FROM THE SCREEN TO YOU!!
TERRY-TOONS
BIG FIRST ISSUE
NOW ON SALE
GAMES
PUZZLES
JOKES
LAFFS
THRILLS
COLOR
TERRY-TOONS
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND EVERY MONTH!

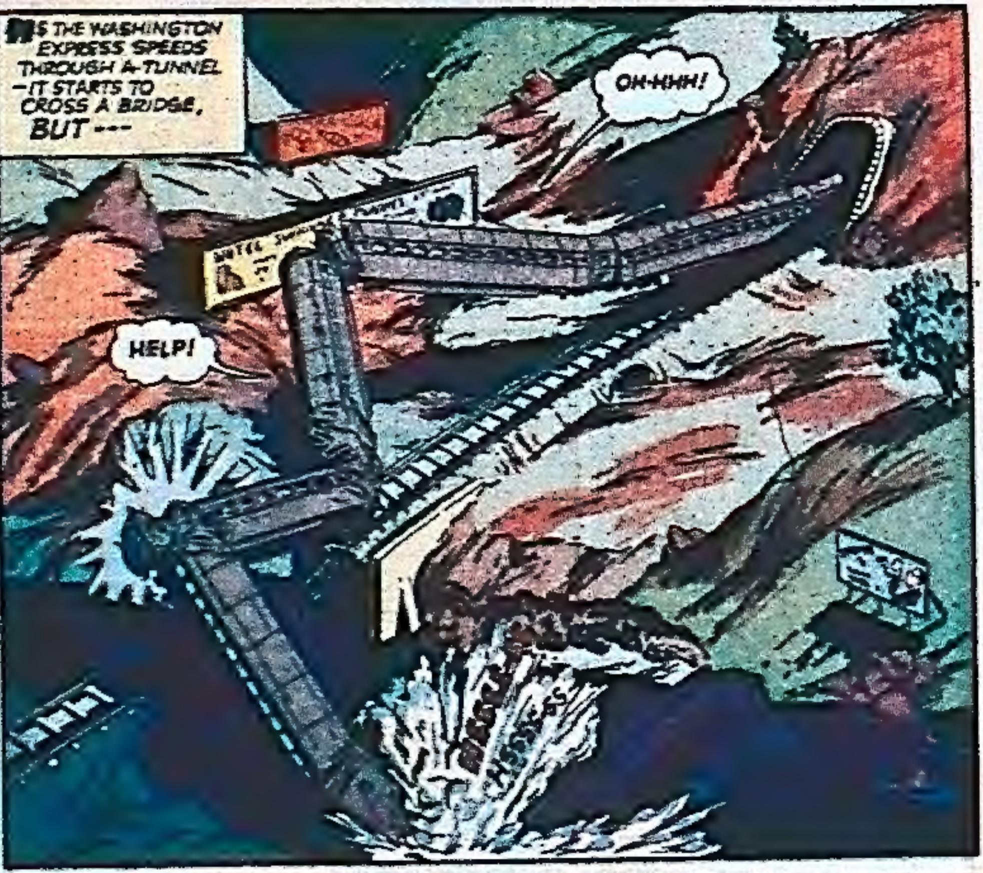
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS is published monthly at Meriden, Conn., by Timely Comics, Inc. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Meriden, Conn., under Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyright 1942 by Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St. New York, N.Y. Martin Goodman, Pres. Vol. 1, No. 39, January, 1943 issue. Yearly subscription $1.00 in the U.S.A. Art and editorial by Funnies, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and that any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

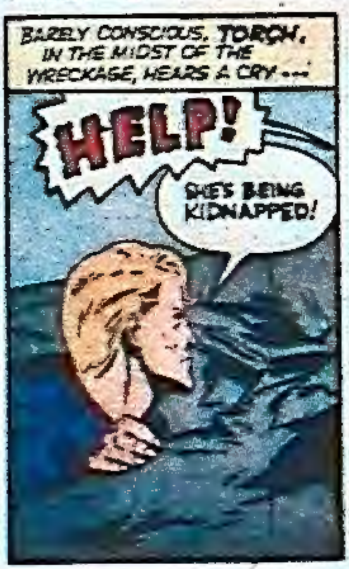

HUMAN TORCH
A WEB OF INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE IS SPUN ABOUT A STRING OF PEARLS—PRICELESS JEWELS OF DEATH! PLUNGING FEARLESSLY INTO THE JAWS OF PERIL, THE *HUMAN TORCH* AND *TORO* ARE ENMESHED WITH THE

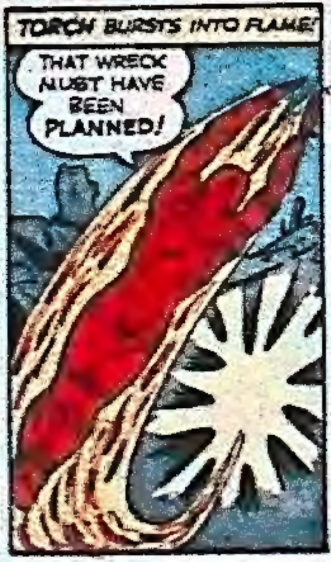
COMIC ART COLLECTION

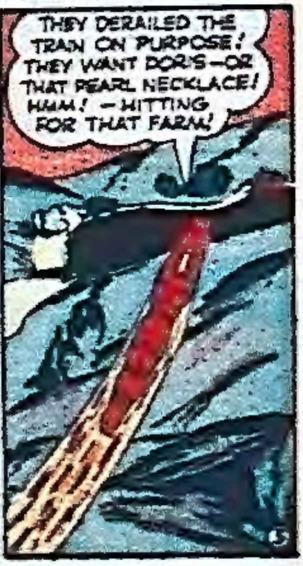

The CAB ROARS TO LIFE AND DARTS AWAY!
DOWN! MISS HORTON!
OH-HH!
WHIZZZZZZ
THE TORCH FLAMES!
DIRTY BUTCHERS!
LOST IT! THOSE CABS ALL LOOK ALIKE — BETTER GET BACK TO THE GIRL! SHE WAS BADLY HIT!
IS SHE -- ?
YES! SHE DIED INSTANTLY! POOR GIRL!
TORCH RETARDS HIS FLAME — THEN HE MAKES A DISCOVERY!
THOSE PEARLS THAT WERE AROUND HER NECK! THEY'RE GONE!
YES, I NOTICED THAT, TOO!
MINUTES LATER, TORO ARRIVES...
HEY, TORCH! DR. HORTON IS OVER AT THE HOUSE WITH HIS NIECE! HE'S WAITING FOR YOU!
WHAT? SHE'S JUST BEEN KILLED!
YOU MEAN SHE'S HERE? UNDER THAT? SHE CAN'T BE! I JUST LEFT HER AT OUR HOUSE!
THIS THING IS GETTING ALL BALLED UP! — I'LL CALL THE MORGUE — THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

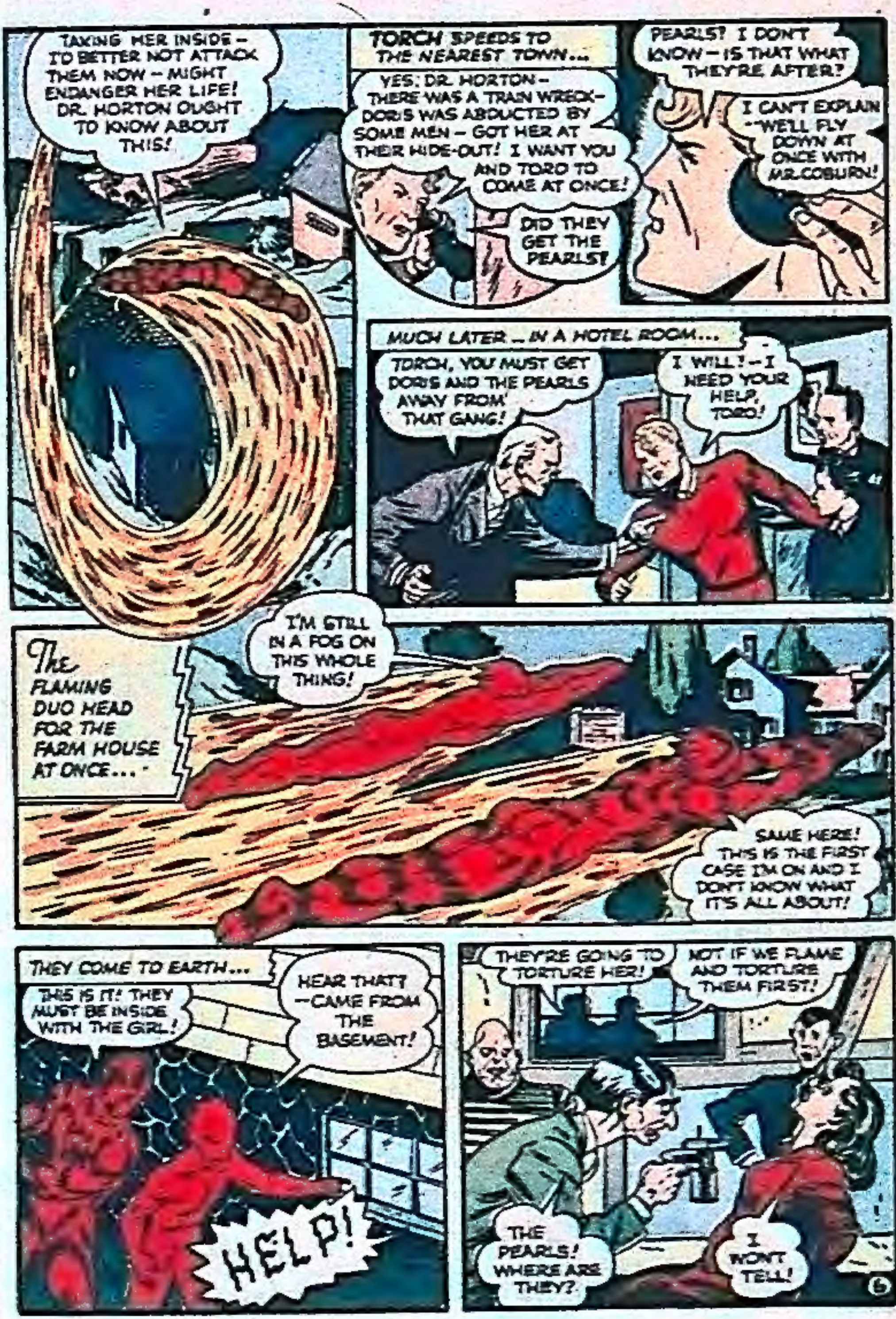

THE MORGUE WAGON ARRIVES...
ALL RIGHT, KID! LET'S GO! IF THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE --
NO -- I'M SERIOUS, TORCH!
LATER -- AT TORCH'S HOME...
I STILL DON'T BELIEVE YOU, TORO!
SEE FOR YOURSELF, KEED! YOU'LL BE SURPRISED!
I AM SURPRISED! YOU WERE JUST KILLED! FIVE MINUTES AGO!
HOW RIDICULOUS! SHE WAS WITH ME ALL THE WHILE!
YOU MUST BE THINKING OF SOMEONE ELSE!
IMPOSSIBLE -- YOU'RE THE SAME, EVEN TO THAT STRING OF PEARLS -- MACHINE-GUNNED RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES! COBURN SAW IT, TOO!
WHY-ER, YES--
FIDDLESTICKS! LET'S HEAR NO MORE ABOUT IT!
FORGET THE WHOLE MATTER, TORCH! I WANT YOU TO ACCOMPANY MY NIECE TO WASHINGTON ON THE TRAIN -- MR. COBURN AND I WILL FOLLOW LATER BY PLANE --
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER, TORCH!
I WILL!
GOODBYE, UNCLE!
GEE! NO GOODBYE KISSES?

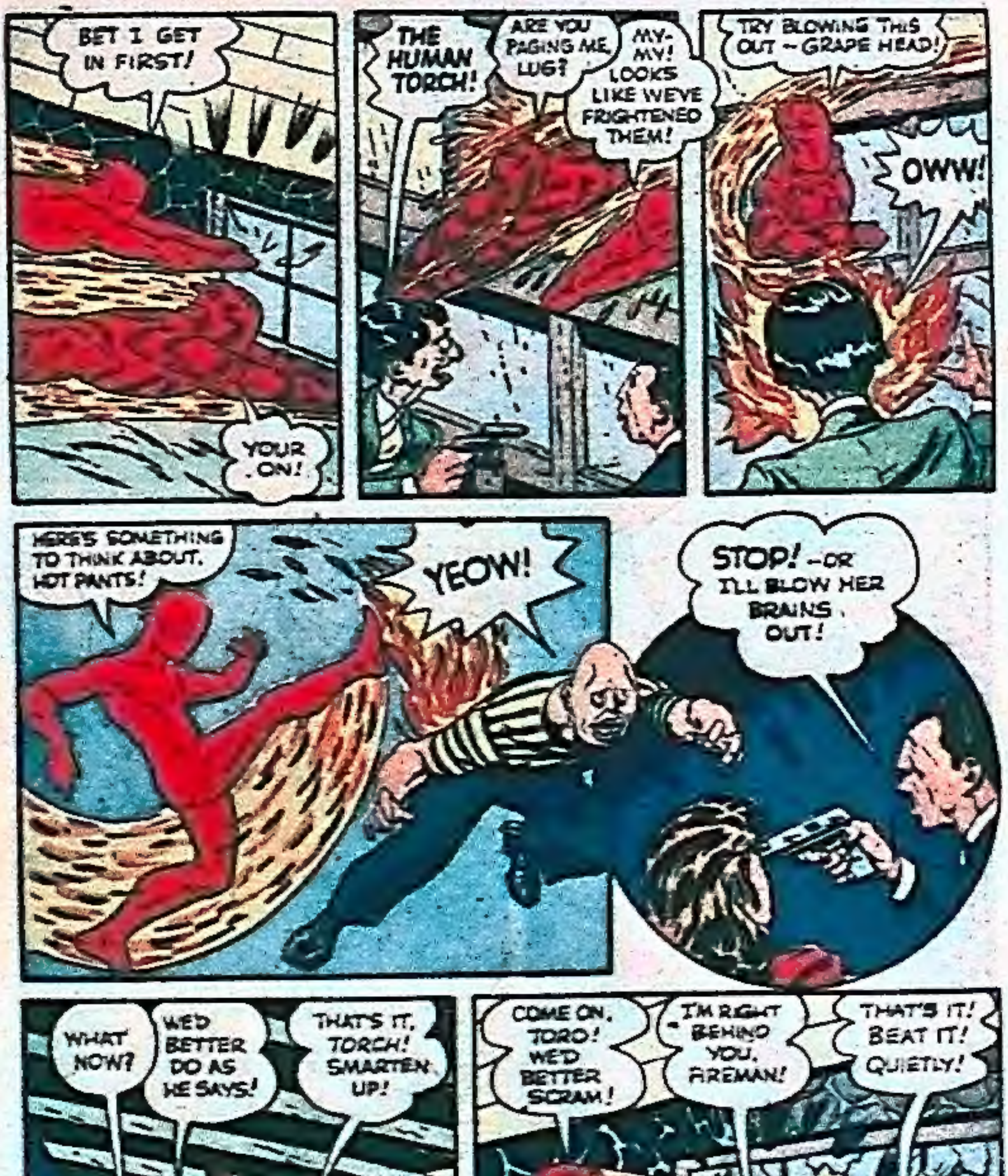

AS THE WASHINGTON EXPRESS SPEEDS THROUGH A TUNNEL —IT STARTS TO CROSS A BRIDGE, BUT ---
OH-HHH!
HELP!

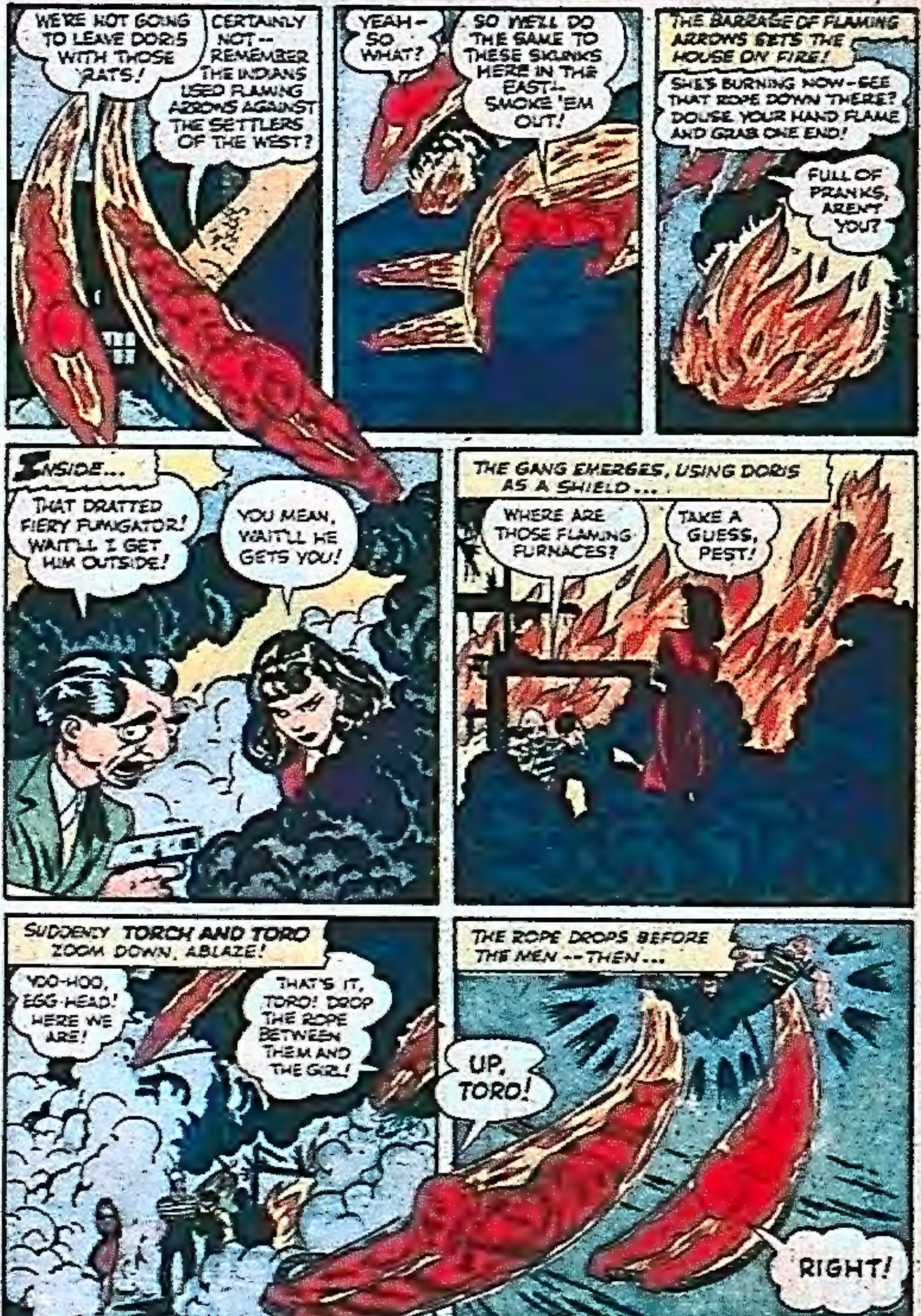

BARELY CONSCIOUS, TORCH, IN THE MIDST OF THE WRECKAGE, HEARS A CRY ---
HELP!
SHE'S BEING KIDNAPPED!

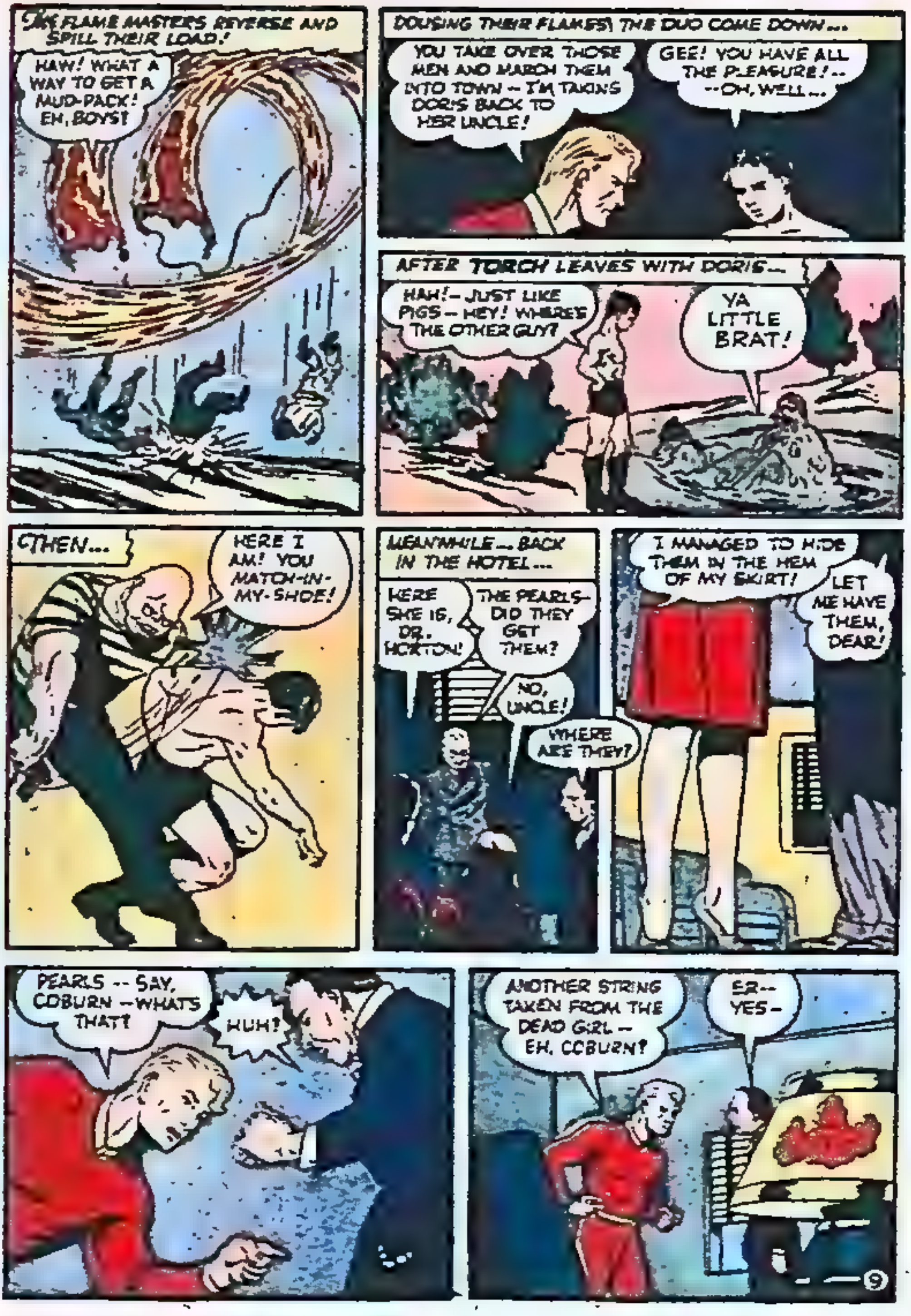

TORCH BURSTS INTO FLAME!
THAT WRECK MUST HAVE BEEN PLANNED!


THEY DERAILED THE TRAIN ON PURPOSE! THEY WANT DORIS—OR THAT PEARL NECKLACE! HMM! —HITTING FOR THAT FARM!

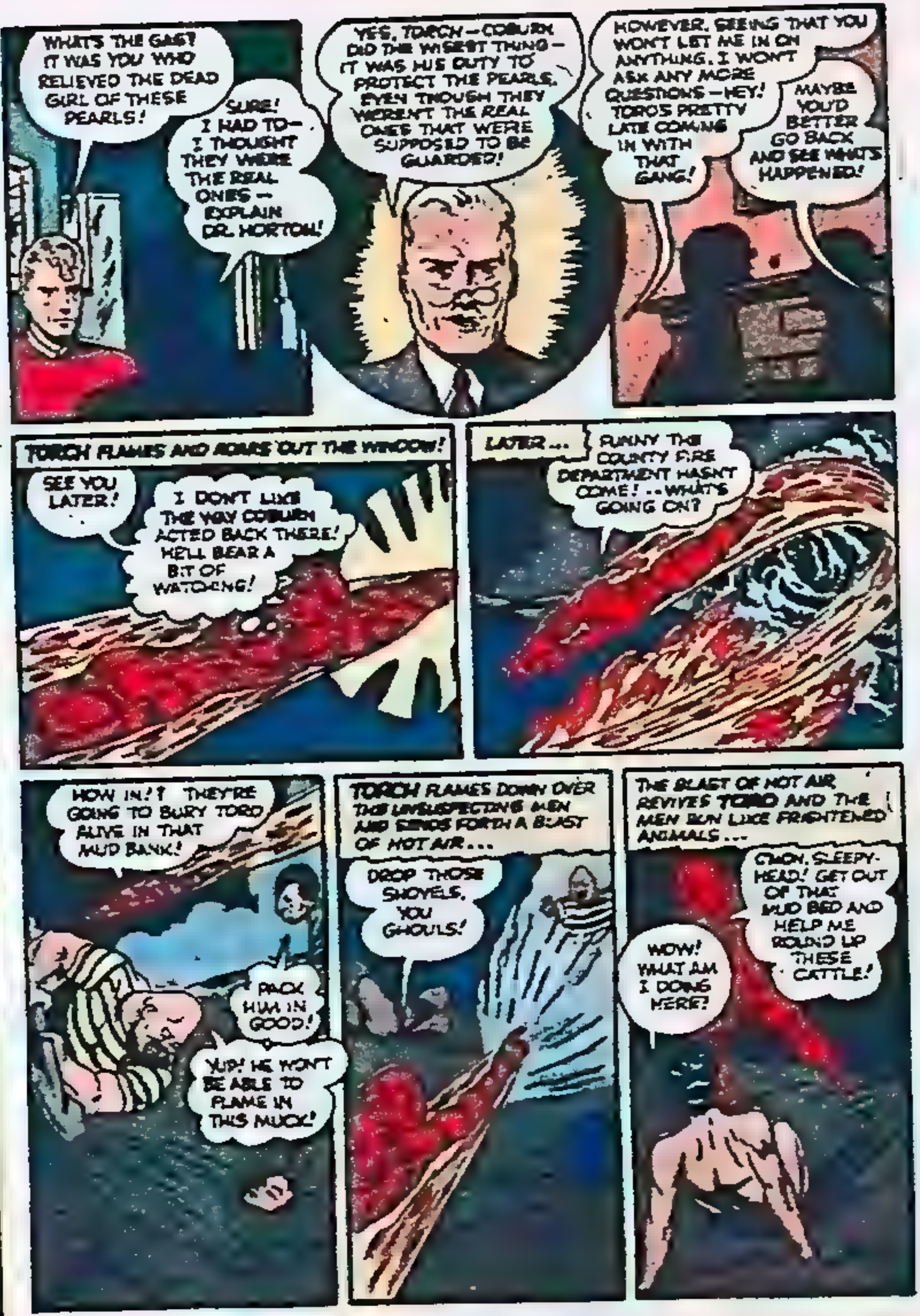

TAKING HER INSIDE — TO BETTER NOT ATTACK THEM NOW — MIGHT ENDANGER HER LIFE! DR. HORTON OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS!
TORCH SPEEDS TO THE NEAREST TOWN...
YES, DR. HORTON — THERE WAS A TRAIN WRECK — DORIS WAS ABDUCTED BY SOME MEN — GOT HER AT THEIR HIDE-OUT! I WANT YOU AND TORO TO COME AT ONCE!
DID THEY GET THE PEARLS?
PEARLS? I DON'T KNOW — IS THAT WHAT THEY'RE AFTER?
I CAN'T EXPLAIN — WE'LL FLY DOWN AT ONCE WITH MR. COBURN!
MUCH LATER ... IN A HOTEL ROOM...
TORCH, YOU MUST GET DORIS AND THE PEARLS AWAY FROM THAT GANG!
I WILL! — I NEED YOUR HELP, TORO!
The FLAMING DUO HEAD FOR THE FARM HOUSE AT ONCE...
I'M STILL IN A FOG ON THIS WHOLE THING!
SAME HERE! THIS IS THE FIRST CASE I'M ON AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
THEY COME TO EARTH...
THIS IS IT! THEY MUST BE INSIDE WITH THE GIRL!
HEAR THAT? — CAME FROM THE BASEMENT!
HELP!
THEY'RE GOING TO TORTURE HER!
NOT IF WE FLAME AND TORTURE THEM FIRST!
THE PEARLS! WHERE ARE THEY?
I WON'T TELL!

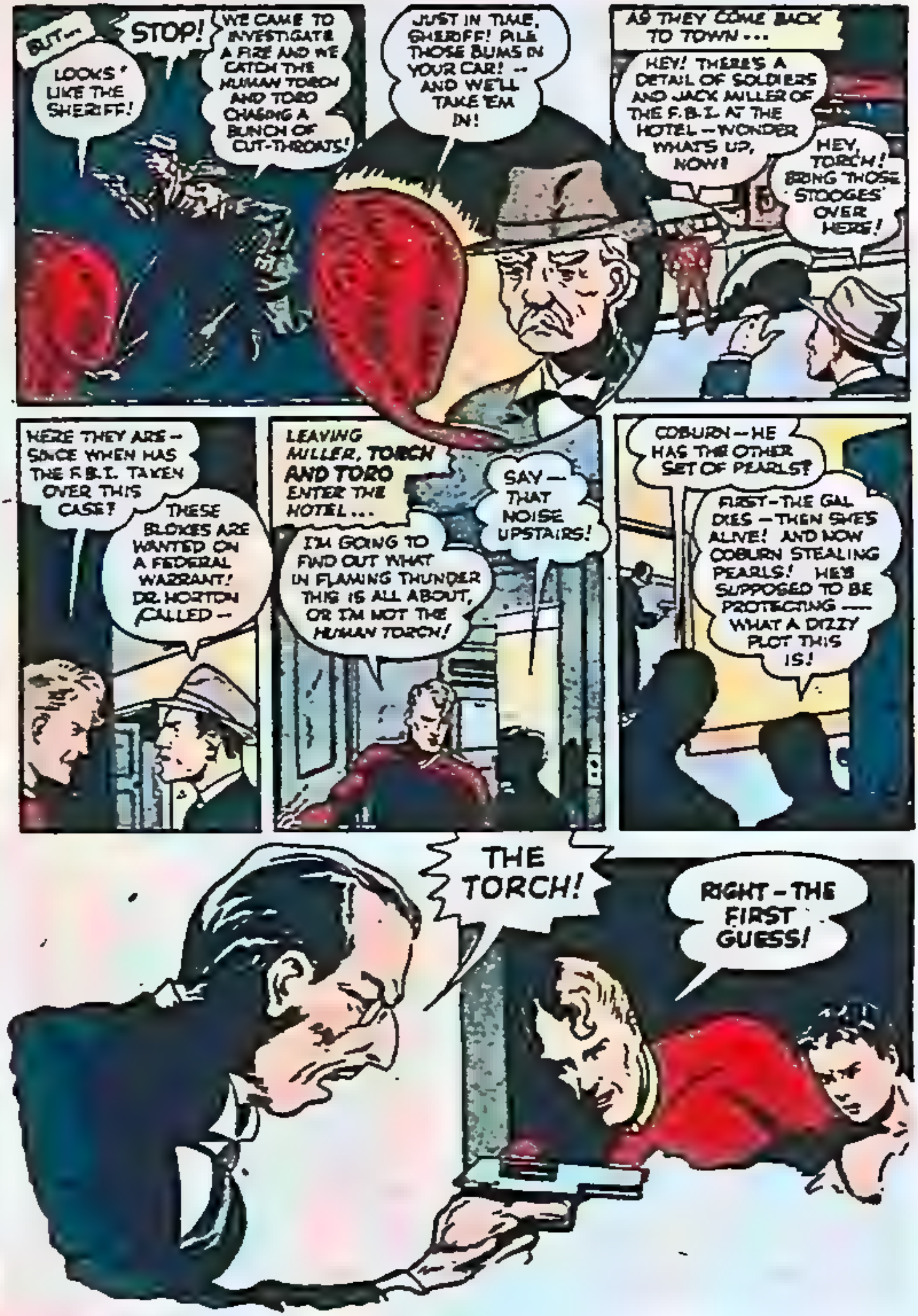

BET I GET IN FIRST!
YOUR ON!
THE HUMAN TORCH!
ARE YOU PAGING ME, LUG?
MY-MY! LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FRIGHTENED THEM!
TRY BLOWING THIS OUT – GRAPE HEAD!
OWW!
HERE'S SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT, HOT PANTS!
YEOW!
STOP! –OR I'LL BLOW HER BRAINS OUT!
WHAT NOW?
WE'D BETTER DO AS HE SAYS!
THAT'S IT, TORCH! SMARTEN UP!
COME ON, TORO! WE'D BETTER SCRAM!
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, FIREMAN!
THAT'S IT! BEAT IT! QUIETLY!
7

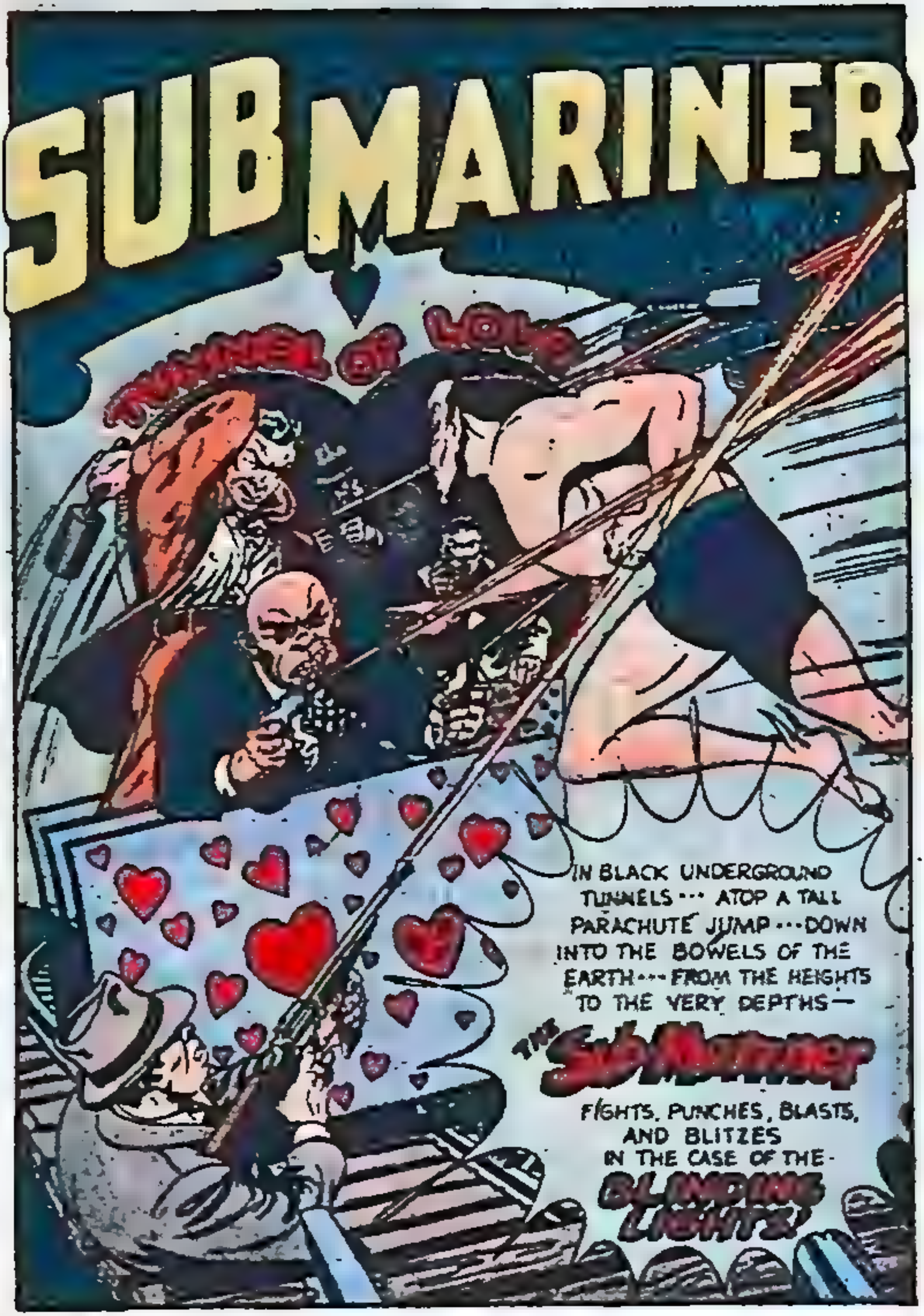

WE'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE DORIS WITH THOSE RATS!
CERTAINLY NOT -- REMEMBER THE INDIANS USED FLAMING ARROWS AGAINST THE SETTLERS OF THE WEST?
YEAH - SO WHAT?
SO WE'LL DO THE SAME TO THESE SKUNKS HERE IN THE EAST-- SMOKE 'EM OUT!
THE BARRAGE OF FLAMING ARROWS GETS THE HOUSE ON FIRE!
SHE'S BURNING NOW - SEE THAT ROPE DOWN THERE? DOUSE YOUR HAND FLAME AND GRAB ONE END!
FULL OF PRANKS, AREN'T YOU?
INSIDE...
THAT DRATTED FIERY FUMIGATOR! WAIT'LL I GET HIM OUTSIDE!
YOU MEAN, WAIT'LL HE GETS YOU!
THE GANG EMERGES, USING DORIS AS A SHIELD...
WHERE ARE THOSE FLAMING FURNACES?
TAKE A GUESS, PEST!
SUDDENLY TORCH AND TORO ZOOM DOWN, ABLAZE!
YOO-HOO, EGG-HEAD! HERE WE ARE!
THAT'S IT, TORO! DROP THE ROPE BETWEEN THEM AND THE GIRL!
THE ROPE DROPS BEFORE THE MEN -- THEN...
UP, TORO!
RIGHT!

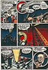

THE FLAME MASTERS REVERSE AND SPILL THEIR LOAD!
HAW! WHAT A WAY TO GET A MUD-PACK! EH, BOYS!
DOUSING THEIR FLAMES, THE DUO COME DOWN...
YOU TAKE OVER THOSE MEN AND MARCH THEM INTO TOWN -- I'M TAKING DORIS BACK TO HER UNCLE!
GEE! YOU HAVE ALL THE PLEASURE! -- --OH, WELL...
AFTER TORCH LEAVES WITH DORIS...
HAH! -- JUST LIKE PIGS -- HEY! WHERE'S THE OTHER GUY?
YA LITTLE BRAT!
THEN...
HERE I AM! YOU MATCH-IN-MY-SHOE!
MEANWHILE... BACK IN THE HOTEL...
HERE SHE IS, DR. HORTON!
THE PEARLS-- DID THEY GET THEM?
NO, UNCLE!
WHERE ARE THEY?
I MANAGED TO HIDE THEM IN THE HEM OF MY SKIRT!
LET ME HAVE THEM, DEAR!
PEARLS -- SAY, COBURN -- WHAT'S THAT?
HUH?
ANOTHER STRING TAKEN FROM THE DEAD GIRL -- EH, COBURN?
ER-- YES--

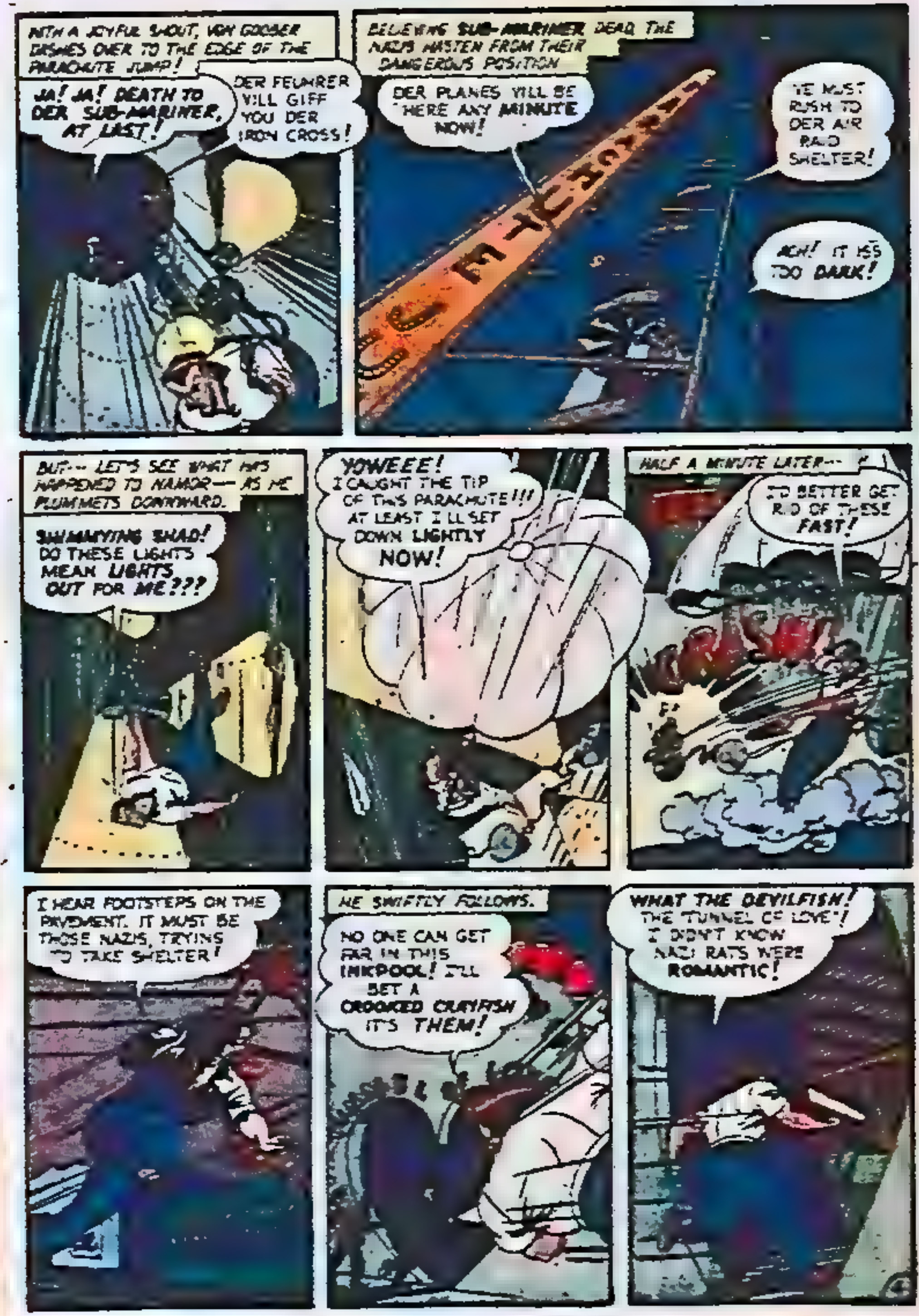
]


WHAT'S THE GAG? IT WAS YOU WHO RELIEVED THE DEAD GIRL OF THESE PEARLS!
SURE! I HAD TO— I THOUGHT THEY WERE THE REAL ONES — EXPLAIN DR. HORTON!
YES, TORCH — COBURN DID THE WISEST THING — IT WAS HIS DUTY TO PROTECT THE PEARLS, EVEN THOUGH THEY WEREN'T THE REAL ONES THAT WERE SUPPOSED TO BE GUARDED!
HOWEVER, SEEING THAT YOU WON'T LET ME IN ON ANYTHING, I WON'T ASK ANY MORE QUESTIONS — HEY! TORO'S PRETTY LATE COMING IN WITH THAT GANG!
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GO BACK AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED!
TORCH FLAMES AND ROARS OUT THE WINDOW!
SEE YOU LATER!
I DON'T LIKE THE WAY COBURN ACTED BACK THERE! HE'LL BEAR A BIT OF WATCHING!
LATER...
FUNNY THE COUNTY FIRE DEPARTMENT HASN'T COME! ..WHAT'S GOING ON?
HOW IN !? THEY'RE GOING TO BURY TORO ALIVE IN THAT MUD BANK!
PACK HIM IN GOOD!
YUP! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO FLAME IN THIS MUCK!
TORCH FLAMES DOWN OVER THE UNSUSPECTING MEN AND SENDS FORTH A BLAST OF HOT AIR...
DROP THOSE SHOVELS, YOU GHOULS!
THE BLAST OF HOT AIR REVIVES TORO AND THE MEN RUN LIKE FRIGHTENED ANIMALS...
C'MON, SLEEPY-HEAD! GET OUT OF THAT MUD BED AND HELP ME ROUND UP THESE CATTLE!
WOW! WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

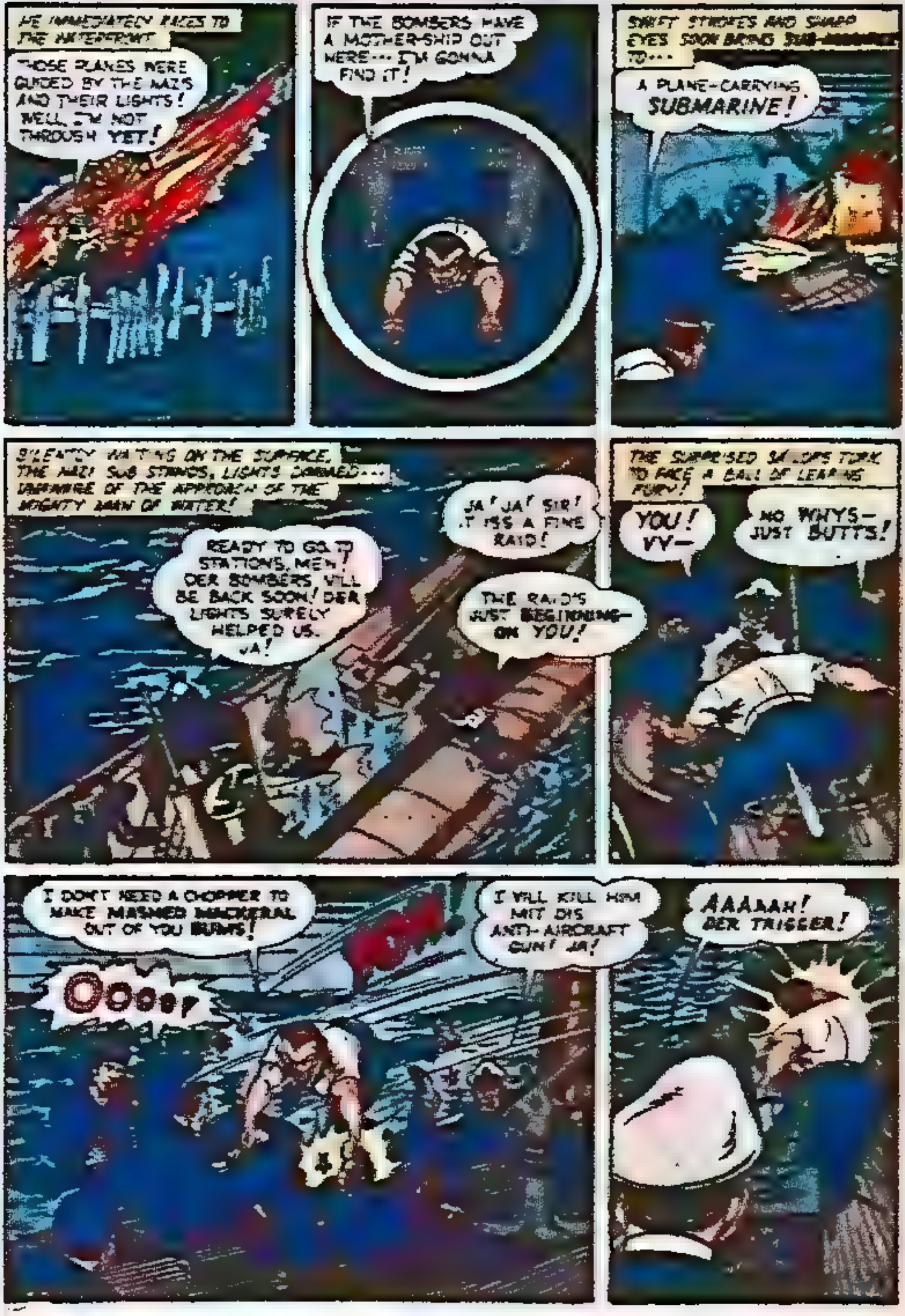

BUT—
LOOKS LIKE THE SHERIFF!
STOP!
WE CAME TO INVESTIGATE A FIRE AND WE CATCH THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO CHASING A BUNCH OF CUT-THROATS!
JUST IN TIME, SHERIFF! PILE THOSE BUMS IN YOUR CAR! — AND WE'LL TAKE 'EM IN!
AS THEY COME BACK TO TOWN...
HEY! THERE'S A DETAIL OF SOLDIERS AND JACK MILLER OF THE F.B.I. AT THE HOTEL — WONDER WHAT'S UP, NOW?
HEY, TORCH! BRING THOSE STOOGES OVER HERE!
HERE THEY ARE — SINCE WHEN HAS THE F.B.I. TAKEN OVER THIS CASE?
THESE BLOKES ARE WANTED ON A FEDERAL WARRANT! DR. HORTON CALLED —
LEAVING MILLER, TORCH AND TORO ENTER THE HOTEL...
I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IN FLAMING THUNDER THIS IS ALL ABOUT, OR I'M NOT THE HUMAN TORCH!
SAY — THAT NOISE UPSTAIRS!
COBURN — HE HAS THE OTHER SET OF PEARLS?
FIRST — THE GAL DIES — THEN SHE'S ALIVE! AND NOW COBURN STEALING PEARLS! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE PROTECTING —— WHAT A DIZZY PLOT THIS IS!
THE TORCH!
RIGHT — THE FIRST GUESS!

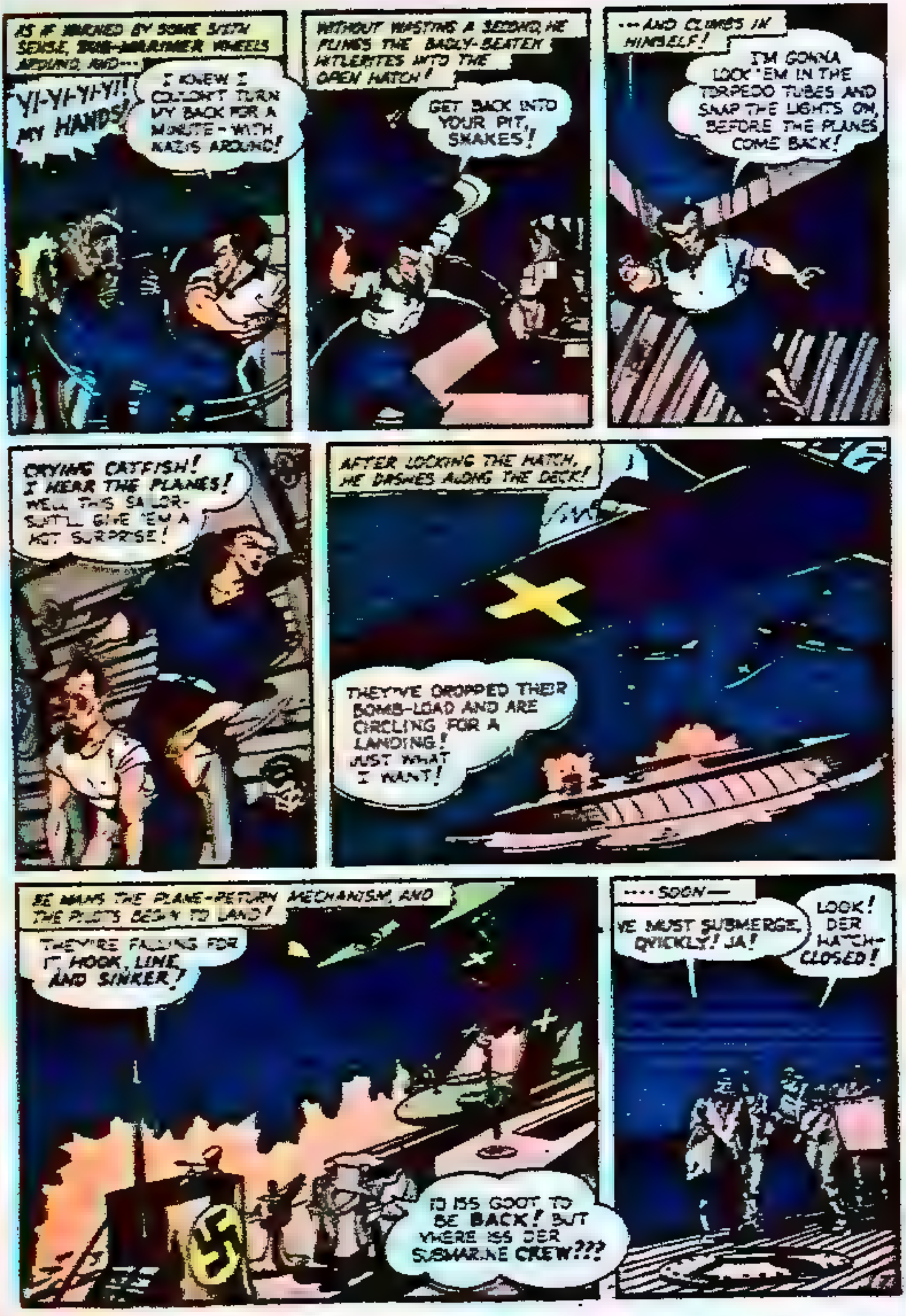

SUB MARINER
TUNNEL OF LOVE
IN BLACK UNDERGROUND TUNNELS ··· ATOP A TALL PARACHUTE JUMP ··· DOWN INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH ··· FROM THE HEIGHTS TO THE VERY DEPTHS—
THE Sub-Mariner
FIGHTS, PUNCHES, BLASTS, AND BLITZES IN THE CASE OF THE
BLINDING LIGHTS!

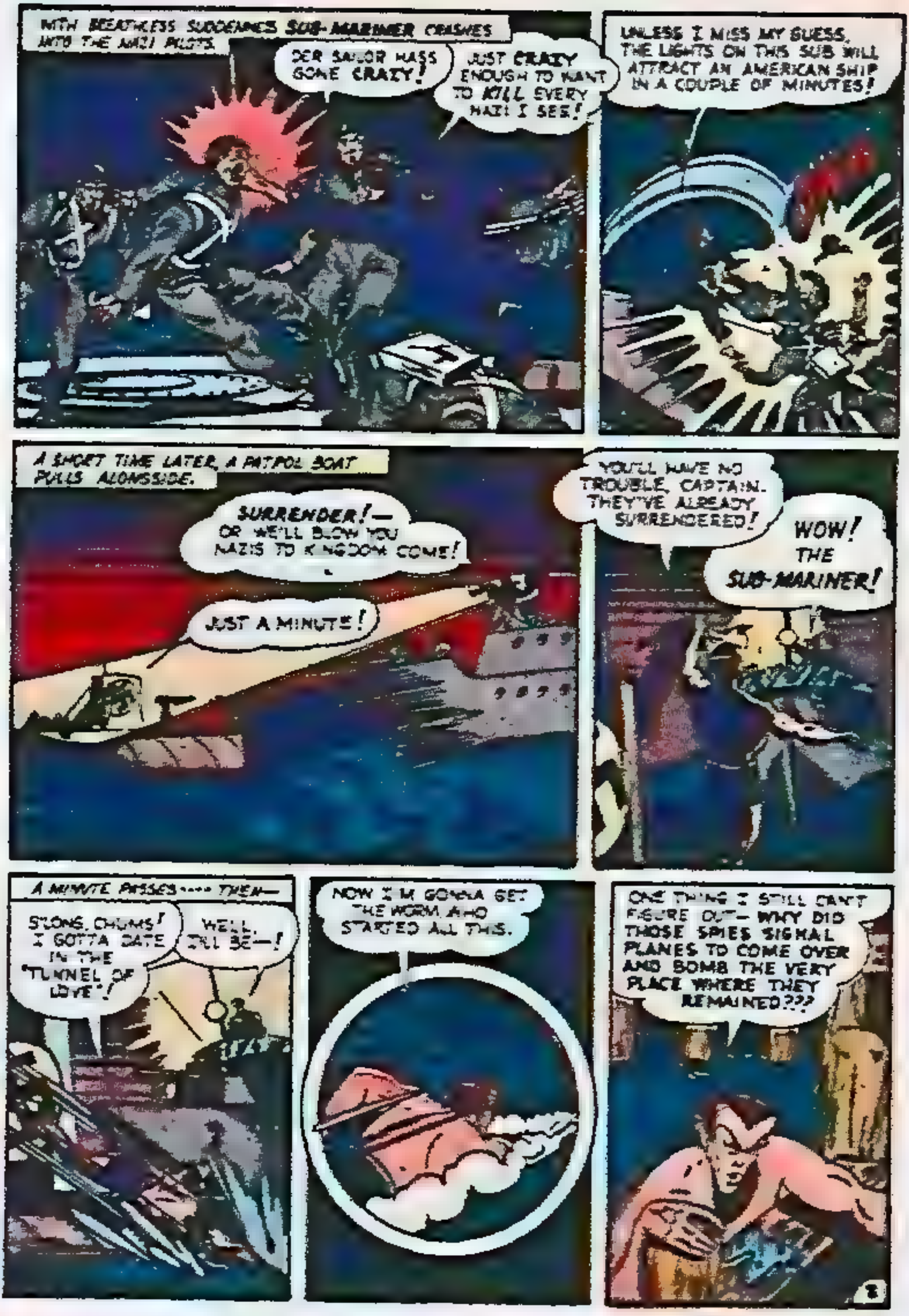


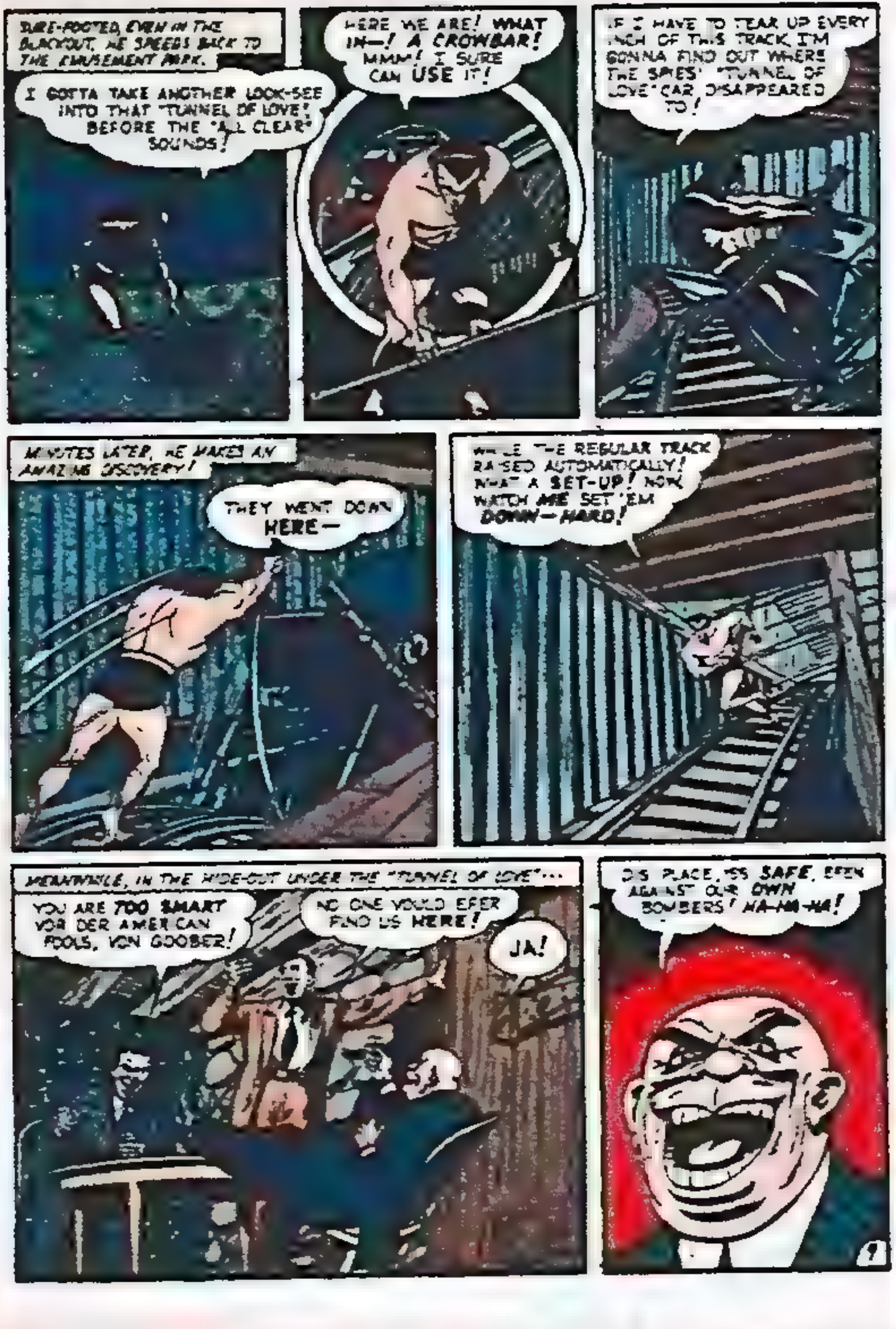

WITH A JOYFUL SHOUT, VON GOOSER DASHES OVER TO THE EDGE OF THE PARACHUTE JUMP!
JA! JA! DEATH TO DER SUB-MARINER, AT LAST!
DER FEUHRER VILL GIFF YOU DER IRON CROSS!
BELIEVING SUB-MARINER DEAD, THE NAZIS HASTEN FROM THEIR DANGEROUS POSITION
DER PLANES VILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW!
VE MUST RUSH TO DER AIR RAID SHELTER!
ACH! IT ISS TOO DARK!
BUT-- LET'S SEE WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO NAMOR-- AS HE PLUMMETS DOWNWARD.
SHIMMYING SHAD! DO THESE LIGHTS MEAN LIGHTS OUT FOR ME???
YOWEEE! I CAUGHT THE TIP OF THIS PARACHUTE!!! AT LEAST I'LL SET DOWN LIGHTLY NOW!
HALF A MINUTE LATER--
I'D BETTER GET RID OF THESE FAST!
I HEAR FOOTSTEPS ON THE PAVEMENT. IT MUST BE THOSE NAZIS, TRYING TO TAKE SHELTER!
HE SWIFTLY FOLLOWS.
NO ONE CAN GET FAR IN THIS INKPOOL! I'LL BET A CROOKED CRAYFISH IT'S THEM!
WHAT THE DEVILFISH! THE "TUNNEL OF LOVE"! I DIDN'T KNOW NAZI RATS WERE ROMANTIC!

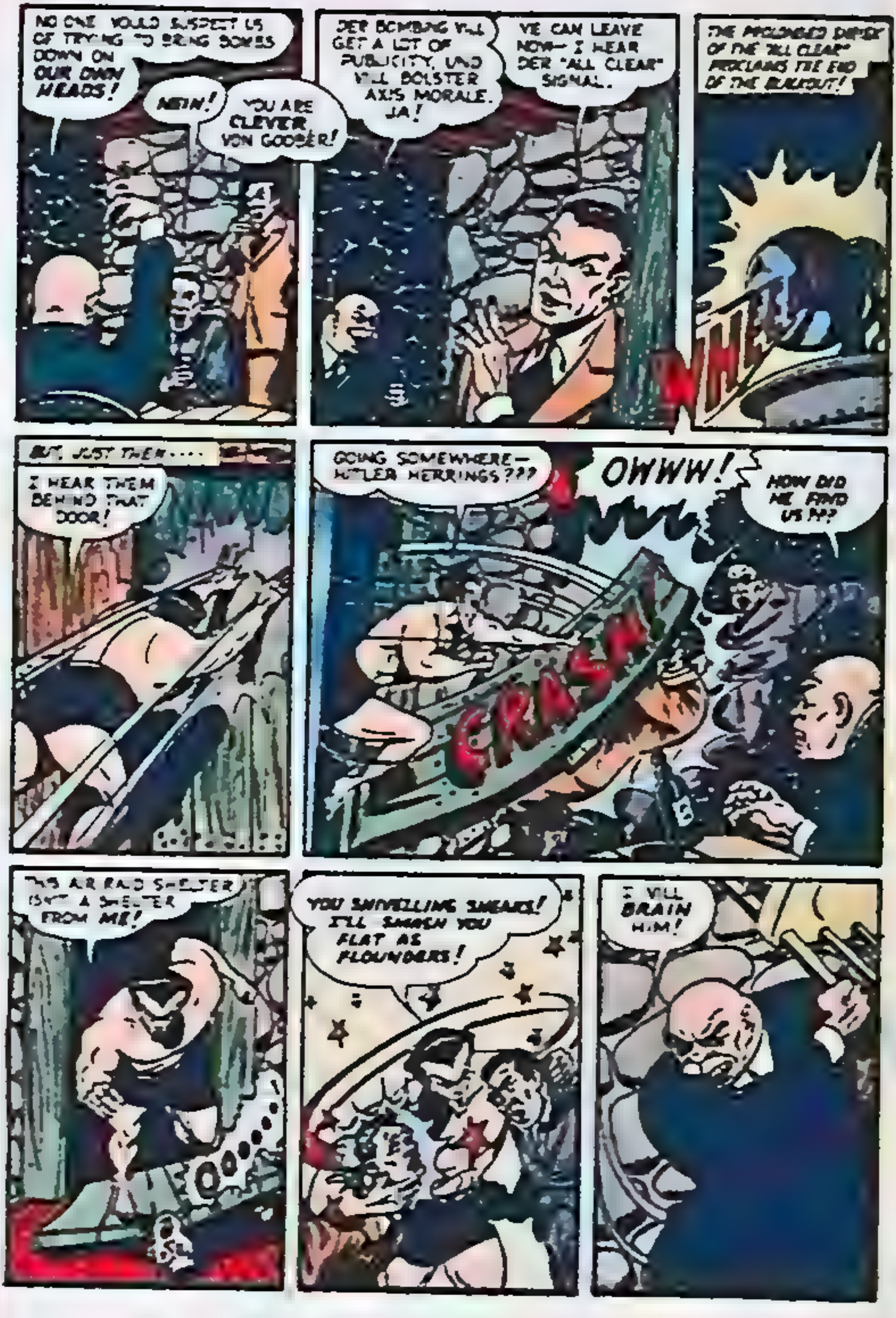
CRASH

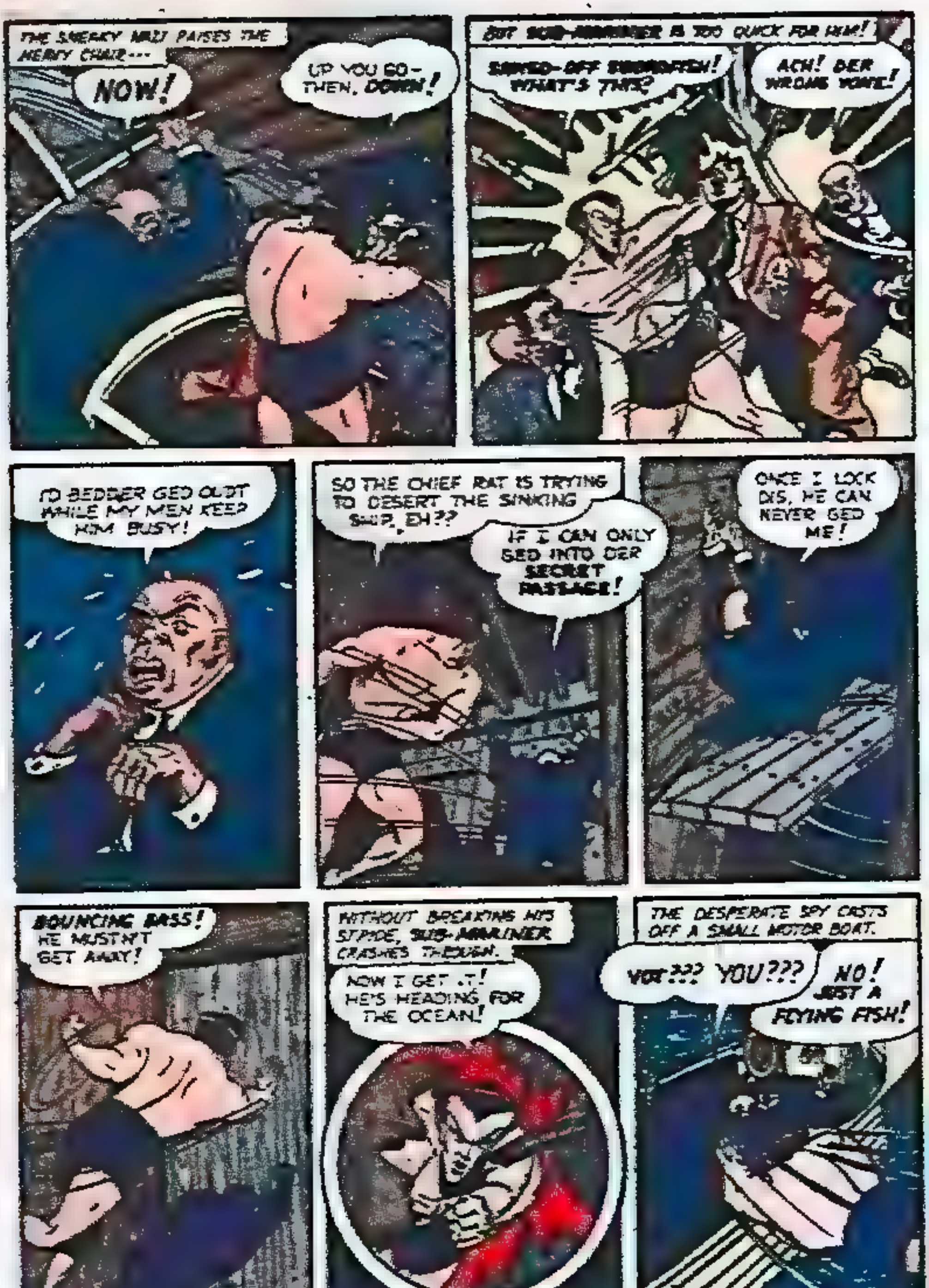

HE IMMEDIATELY RACES TO THE WATERFRONT
THOSE PLANES WERE GUIDED BY THE NAZIS AND THEIR LIGHTS! WELL, I'M NOT THROUGH YET!
IF THE BOMBERS HAVE A MOTHER-SHIP OUT HERE--- I'M GONNA FIND IT!
SWIFT STROKES AND SHARP EYES SOON BRING SUB-MARINER TO...
A PLANE-CARRYING SUBMARINE!
SILENTLY WAITING ON THE SURFACE, THE NAZI SUB STANDS, LIGHTS DIMMED... UNAWARE OF THE APPROACH OF THE MIGHTY MAN OF WATER!
READY TO GO TO STATIONS, MEN! DER BOMBERS VILL BE BACK SOON! DER LIGHTS SURELY HELPED US. JA!
JA! JA! SIR! IT ISS A FINE RAID!
THE RAID'S JUST BEGINNING— ON YOU!
THE SURPRISED SAILORS TURN TO FACE A BALL OF LEAPING FURY!
YOU! VY—
NO WHYS— JUST BUTTS!
I DON'T NEED A CHOPPER TO MAKE MASHED MACKERAL OUT OF YOU BUMS!
OOOOF
I VILL KILL HIM MIT DIS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN! JA!
AAAAAH! DER TRIGGER!

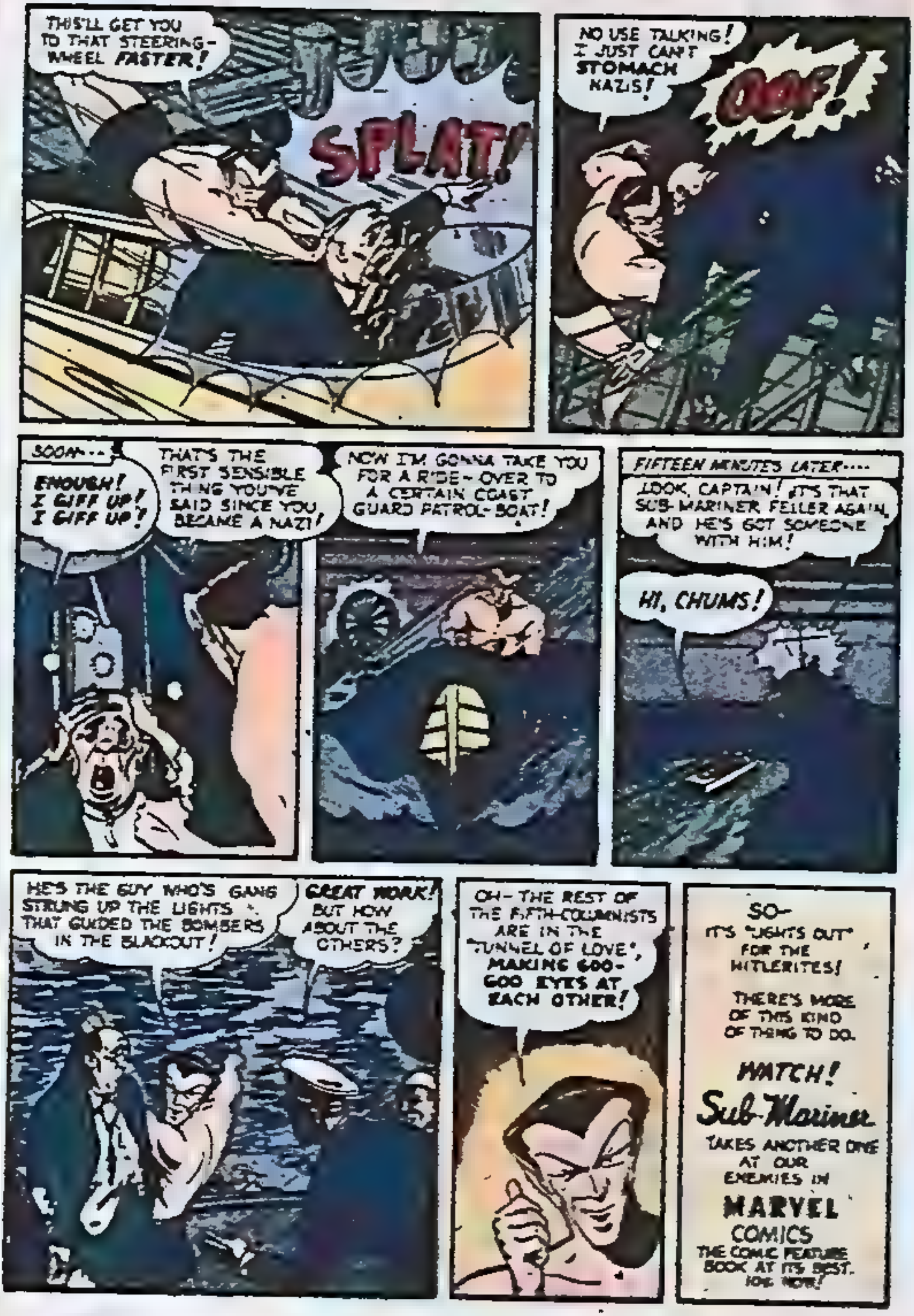

AS IF WARNED BY SOME SIXTH SENSE, THE-MARINER WHEELS AROUND, AND---
YI-YI-YI-YI! MY HANDS!
I KNEW I COULDN'T TURN MY BACK FOR A MINUTE - WITH NAZIS AROUND!
WITHOUT WASTING A SECOND, HE FLINGS THE BADLY-BEATEN HITLERITES INTO THE OPEN HATCH!
GET BACK INTO YOUR PIT, SNAKES!
---AND CLIMBS IN HIMSELF!
I'M GONNA LOCK 'EM IN THE TORPEDO TUBES AND SNAP THE LIGHTS ON, BEFORE THE PLANES COME BACK!
CRYING CATFISH! I HEAR THE PLANES! WELL THIS SAILOR-SUIT'LL GIVE 'EM A HOT SURPRISE!
AFTER LOCKING THE HATCH, HE DASHES ALONG THE DECK!
THEY'VE DROPPED THEIR BOMB-LOAD AND ARE CIRCLING FOR A LANDING! JUST WHAT I WANT!
HE MANS THE PLANE-RETURN MECHANISM, AND THE PILOTS BEGIN TO LAND!
THEY'RE FALLING FOR IT, HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER!
ID ISS GOOT TO BE BACK! BUT VHERE ISS DER SUBMARINE CREW???
----SOON—
VE MUST SUBMERGE, QVICKLY! JA!
LOOK! DER HATCH-CLOSED!
17


WITH BREATHLESS SUDDENNESS SUB-MARINER CRASHES INTO THE NAZI PILOTS.
DER SAILOR HASS GONE CRAZY!
JUST CRAZY ENOUGH TO WANT TO KILL EVERY NAZI I SEE!
UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THE LIGHTS ON THIS SUB WILL ATTRACT AN AMERICAN SHIP IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!
A SHORT TIME LATER, A PATROL BOAT PULLS ALONGSIDE.
SURRENDER!— OR WE'LL BLOW YOU NAZIS TO KINGDOM COME!
JUST A MINUTE!
YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE, CAPTAIN. THEY'VE ALREADY SURRENDERED!
WOW! THE SUB-MARINER!
A MINUTE PASSES---- THEN—
SO LONG, CHUMS! I GOTTA DATE IN THE "TUNNEL OF LOVE"!
WELL, I'LL BE—!
NOW I'M GONNA GET THE WORM WHO STARTED ALL THIS.
ONE THING I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT— WHY DID THOSE SPIES SIGNAL PLANES TO COME OVER AND BOMB THE VERY PLACE WHERE THEY REMAINED???

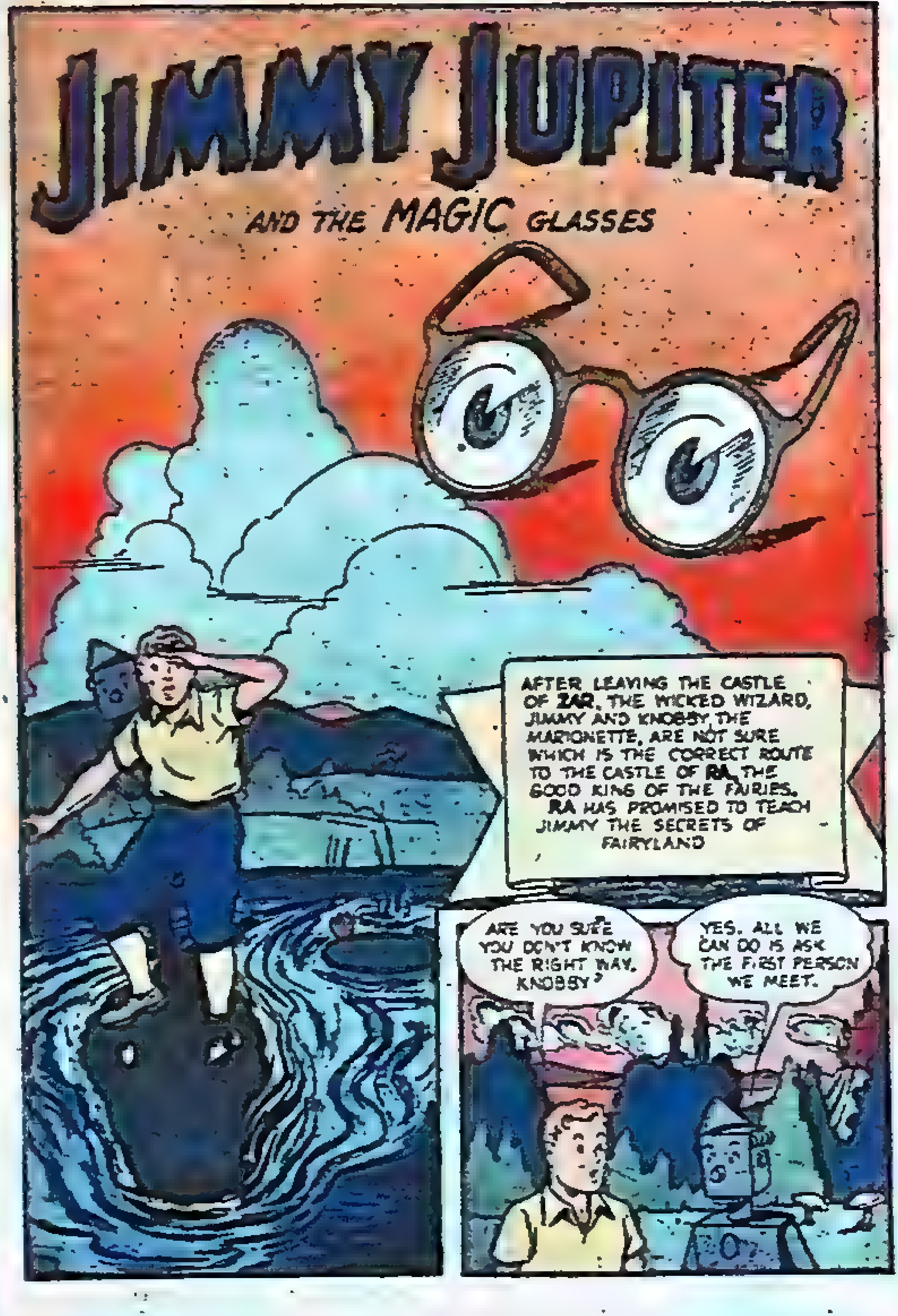

SURE-FOOTED, EVEN IN THE BLACKOUT, HE SPEEDS BACK TO THE AMUSEMENT PARK.
I GOTTA TAKE ANOTHER LOOK-SEE INTO THAT "TUNNEL OF LOVE" BEFORE THE "ALL CLEAR" SOUNDS!
HERE WE ARE! WHAT IN—! A CROWBAR! MMM! I SURE CAN USE IT!
IF I HAVE TO TEAR UP EVERY INCH OF THIS TRACK, I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHERE THE SPIES' "TUNNEL OF LOVE" CAR DISAPPEARED TO!
MINUTES LATER, HE MAKES AN AMAZING DISCOVERY!
THEY WENT DOWN HERE—
WHILE THE REGULAR TRACK RAISED AUTOMATICALLY! WHAT A SET-UP! NOW, WATCH ME SET 'EM DOWN—HARD!
MEANWHILE, IN THE HIDE-OUT UNDER THE "TUNNEL OF LOVE"...
YOU ARE TOO SMART VOR DER AMERICAN FOOLS, VON GOOBER!
NO ONE VOULD EFER FIND US HERE!
JA!
DIS PLACE ISS SAFE, EFEN AGAINST OUR OWN BOMBERS! HA-HA-HA!

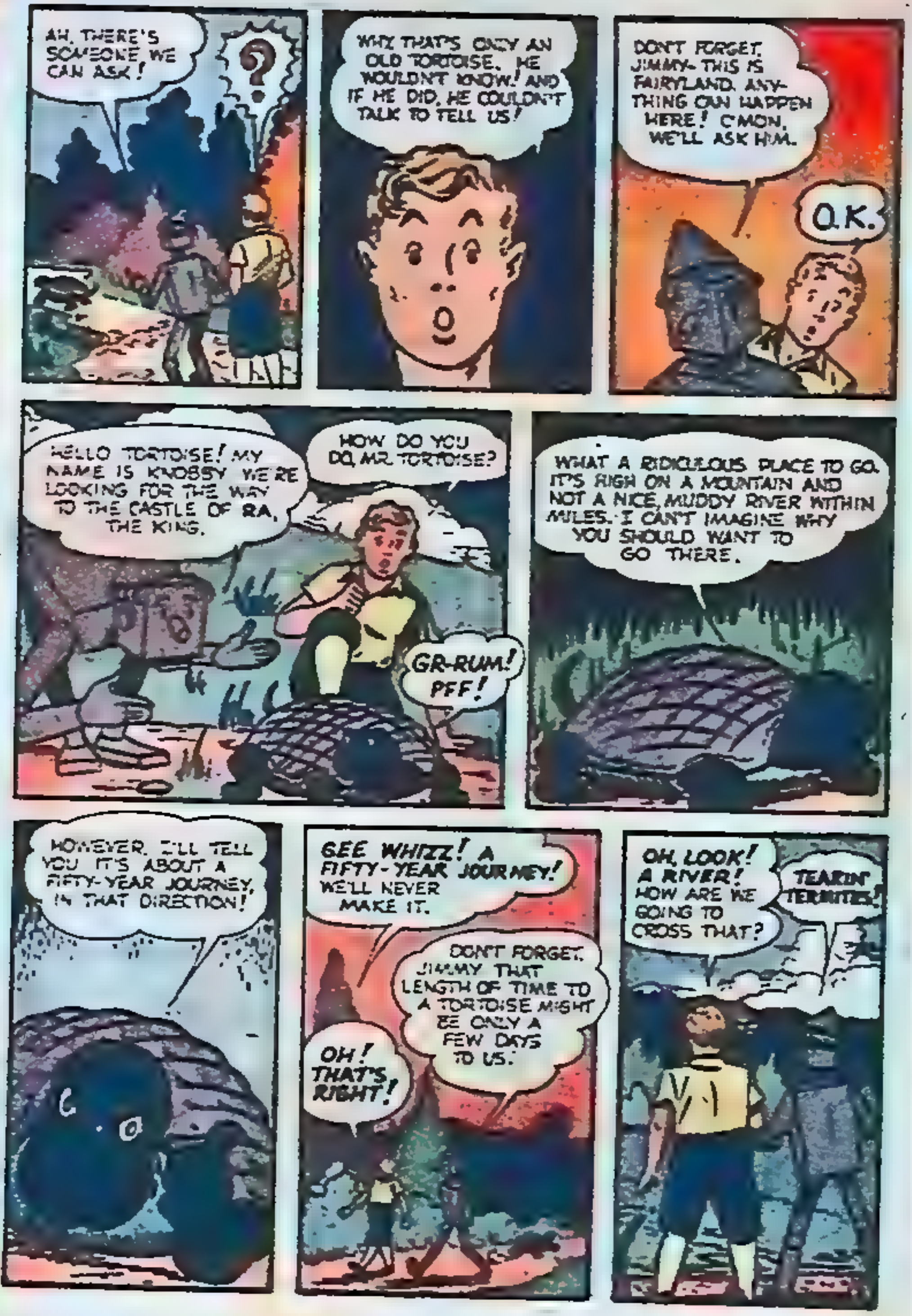

NO ONE VOULD SUSPECT US OF TRYING TO BRING BOMBS DOWN ON OUR OWN HEADS!
NEIN!
YOU ARE CLEVER, VON GOOBER!
DER BOMBING VILL GET A LOT OF PUBLICITY, UND VILL BOLSTER AXIS MORALE. JA!
VE CAN LEAVE NOW— I HEAR DER "ALL CLEAR" SIGNAL.
THE PROLONGED DIRGE OF THE "ALL CLEAR" PROCLAIMS THE END OF THE BLACKOUT!
WHEE
BUT JUST THEN....
I HEAR THEM BEHIND THAT DOOR!
GOING SOMEWHERE— HITLER HERRINGS???
OWWW!
HOW DID HE FIND US ?!?
CRASH!
THIS AIR RAID SHELTER ISN'T A SHELTER FROM ME!
YOU SNIVELLING SNEAKS! I'LL SMASH YOU FLAT AS FLOUNDERS!
I VILL BRAIN HIM!

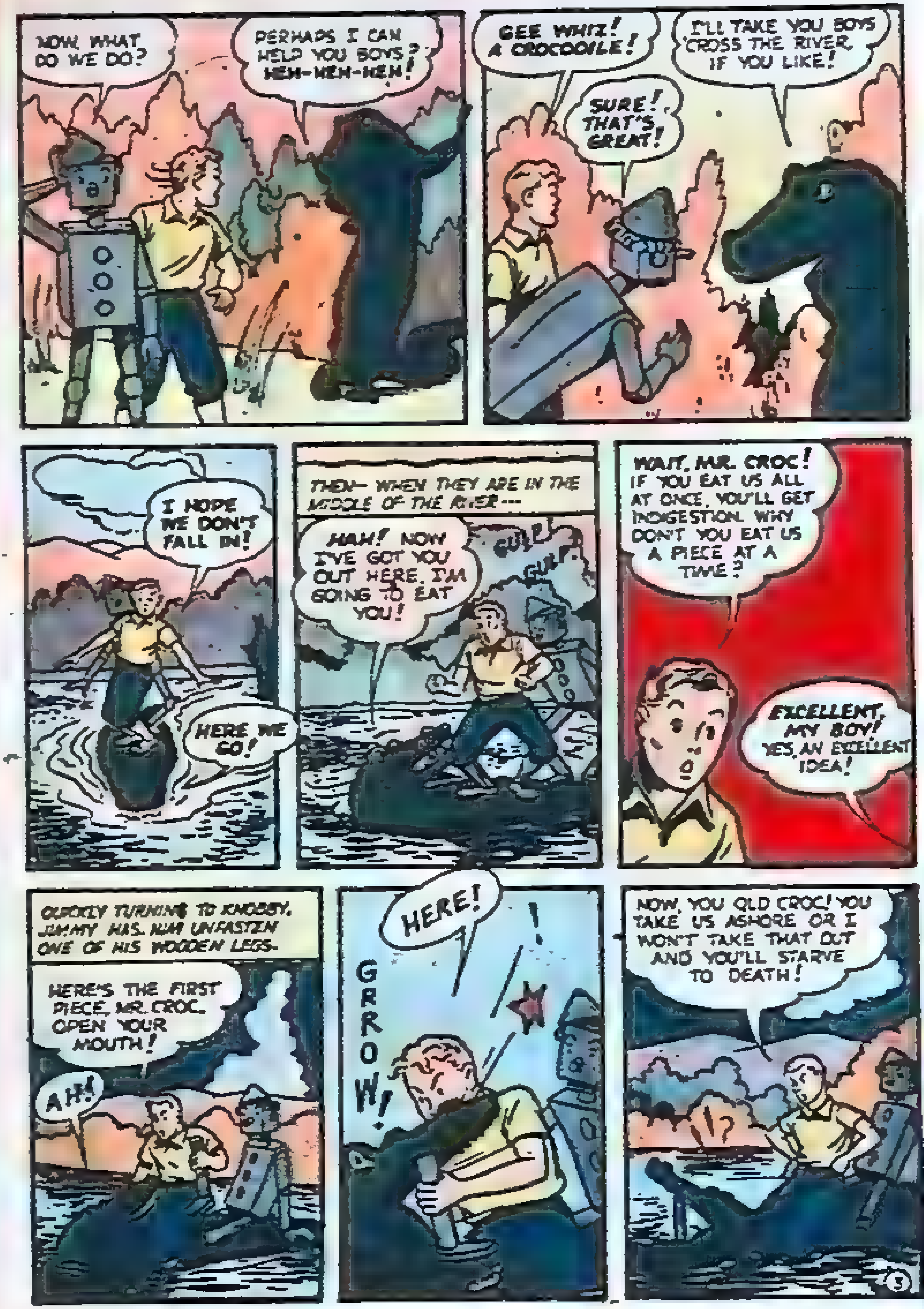

THE SNEAKY NAZI RAISES THE HEAVY CHAIR...
NOW!
UP YOU GO—THEN, DOWN!
BUT SUB-MARINER IS TOO QUICK FOR HIM!
SAWED-OFF SWORDFISH! WHAT'S THIS?
ACH! DER WRONG VONE!
I'D BEDDER GED OUDT WHILE MY MEN KEEP HIM BUSY!
SO THE CHIEF RAT IS TRYING TO DESERT THE SINKING SHIP, EH??
IF I CAN ONLY GED INTO DER SECRET PASSAGE!
ONCE I LOCK DIS, HE CAN NEVER GED ME!
BOUNCING BASS! HE MUSTN'T GET AWAY!
WITHOUT BREAKING HIS STRIDE, SUB-MARINER CRASHES THROUGH.
NOW I GET IT! HE'S HEADING FOR THE OCEAN!
THE DESPERATE SPY CASTS OFF A SMALL MOTOR BOAT.
VOT??? YOU???
NO! JUST A FLYING FISH!

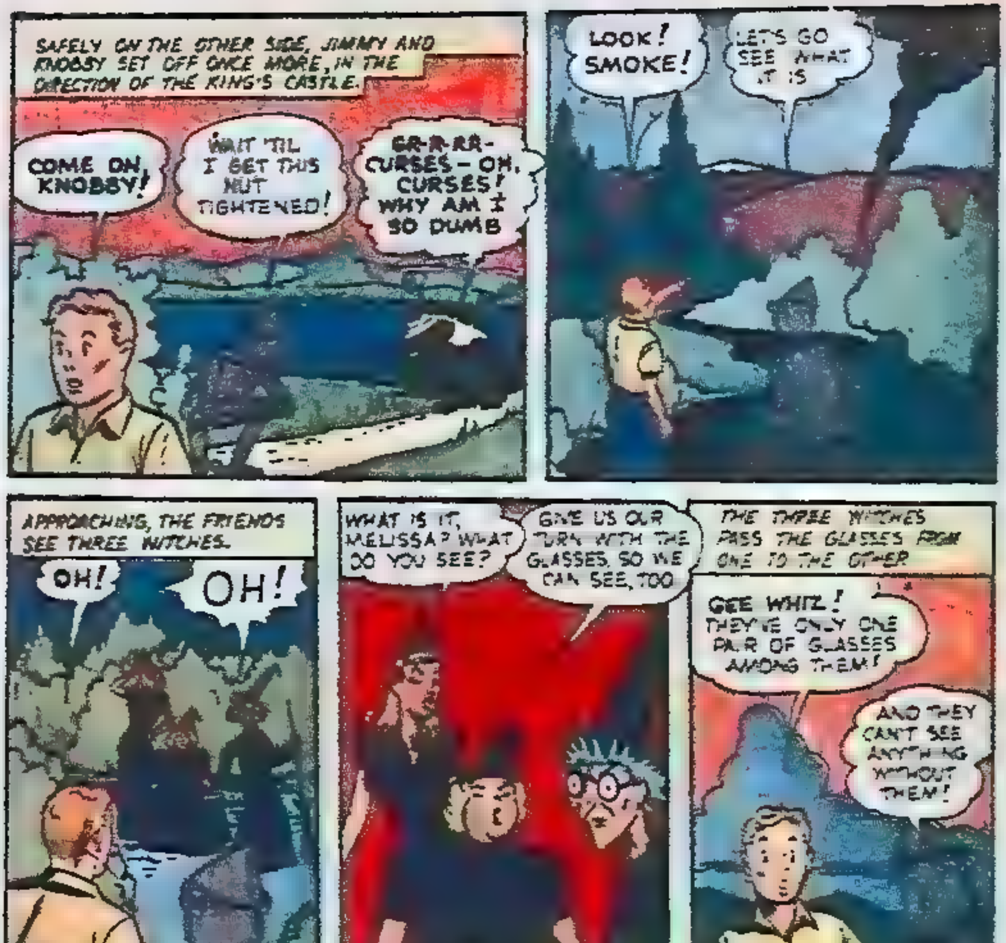

THIS'LL GET YOU TO THAT STEERING-WHEEL *FASTER!*
SPLAT!
NO USE TALKING! I JUST CAN'T **STOMACH** NAZIS!
OOF!
SOON...
ENOUGH! I GIFF UP! I GIFF UP!
THAT'S THE FIRST SENSIBLE THING YOU'VE SAID SINCE YOU BECAME A NAZI!
NOW I'M GONNA TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE – OVER TO A CERTAIN COAST GUARD PATROL-BOAT!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER....
LOOK, CAPTAIN! IT'S THAT SUB-MARINER FELLER AGAIN, AND HE'S GOT SOMEONE WITH HIM!
HI, CHUMS!
HE'S THE GUY WHO'S GANG STRUNG UP THE LIGHTS THAT GUIDED THE BOMBERS IN THE BLACKOUT!
GREAT WORK! BUT HOW ABOUT THE OTHERS?
OH – THE REST OF THE FIFTH-COLUMNISTS ARE IN THE "TUNNEL OF LOVE", **MAKING GOO-GOO EYES AT EACH OTHER!**
SO– IT'S "LIGHTS OUT" FOR THE HITLERITES! THERE'S MORE OF THIS KIND OF THING TO DO.
WATCH! Sub-Mariner TAKES ANOTHER ONE AT OUR ENEMIES IN MARVEL COMICS THE COMIC FEATURE BOOK AT ITS BEST. 10¢ NOW!

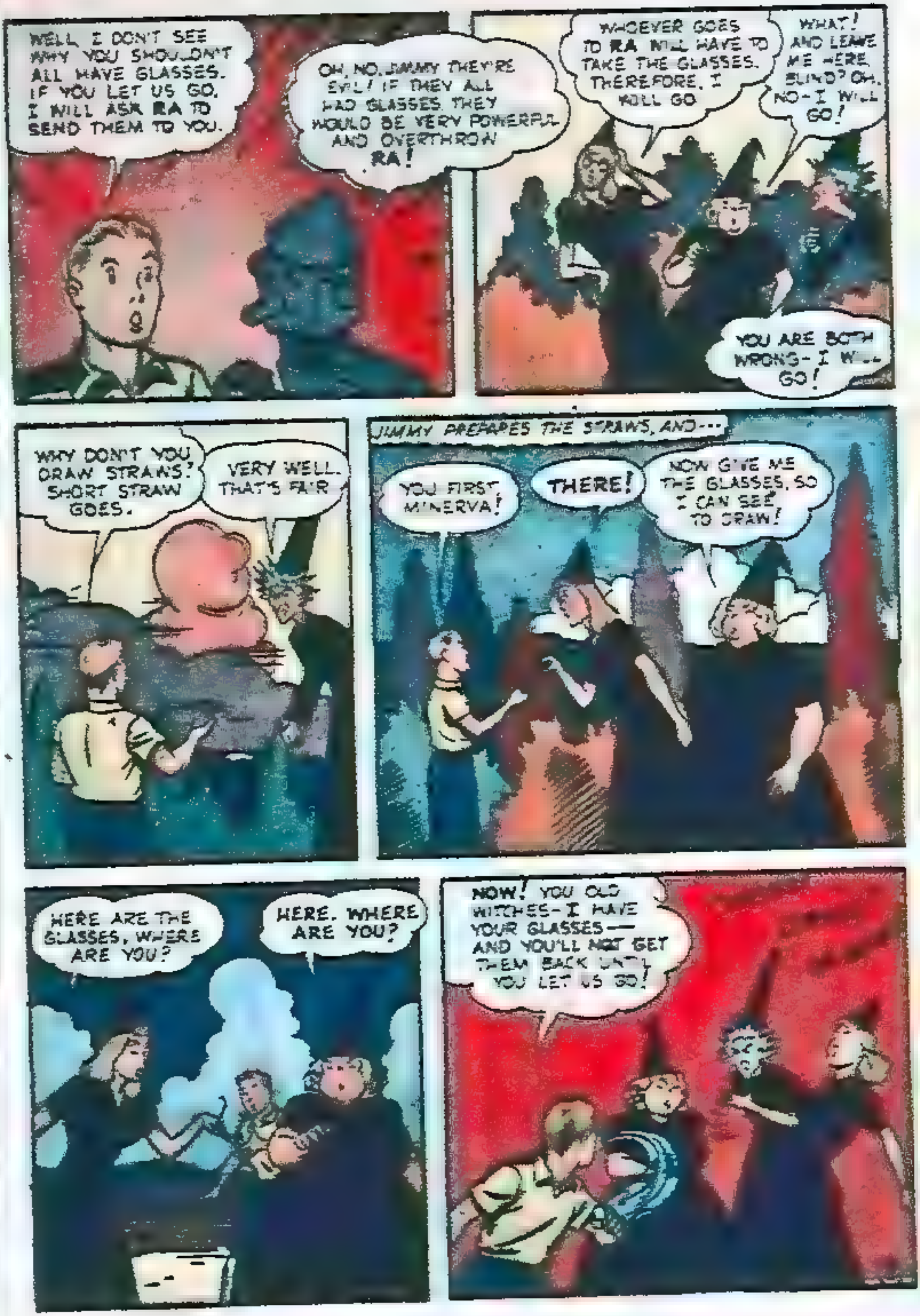
JIMMY JUPITER AND THE MAGIC GLASSES

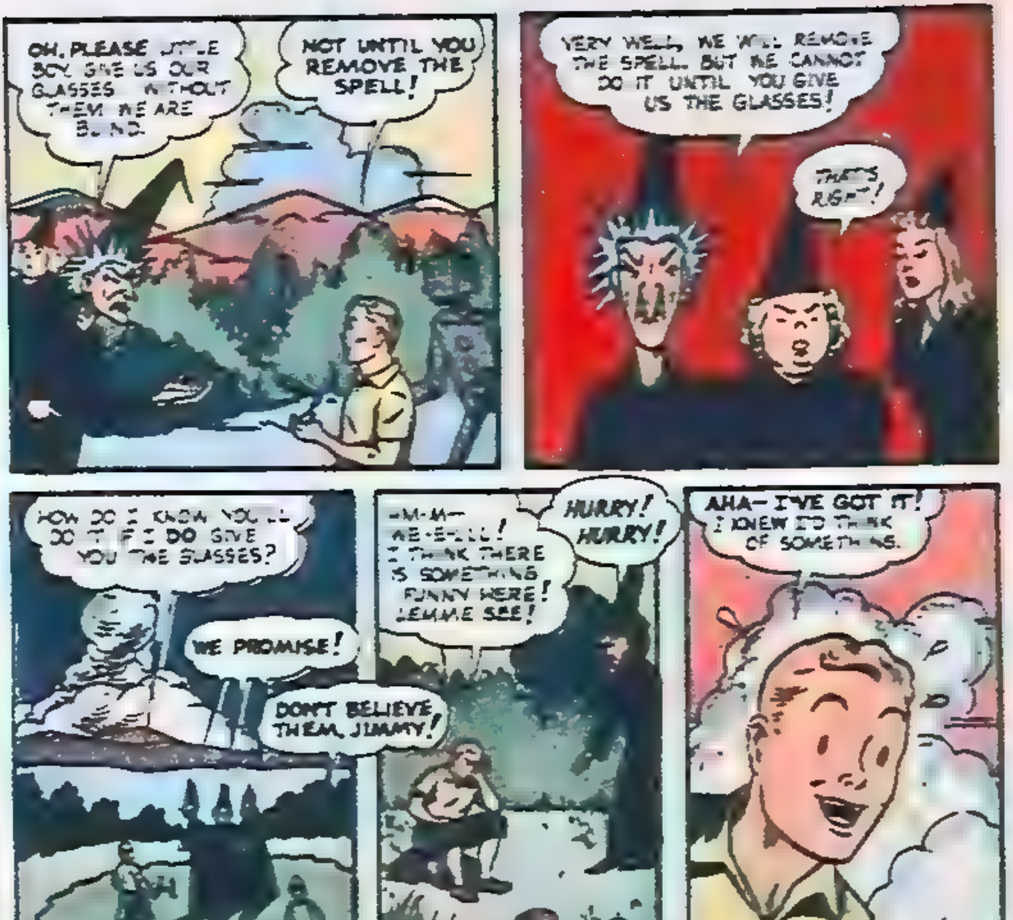

AFTER LEAVING THE CASTLE OF ZAR, THE WICKED WIZARD, JIMMY AND KNOBBY THE MARIONETTE, ARE NOT SURE WHICH IS THE CORRECT ROUTE TO THE CASTLE OF RA, THE GOOD KING OF THE FAIRIES. RA HAS PROMISED TO TEACH JIMMY THE SECRETS OF FAIRYLAND
ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T KNOW THE RIGHT WAY, KNOBBY?
YES. ALL WE CAN DO IS ASK THE FIRST PERSON WE MEET.

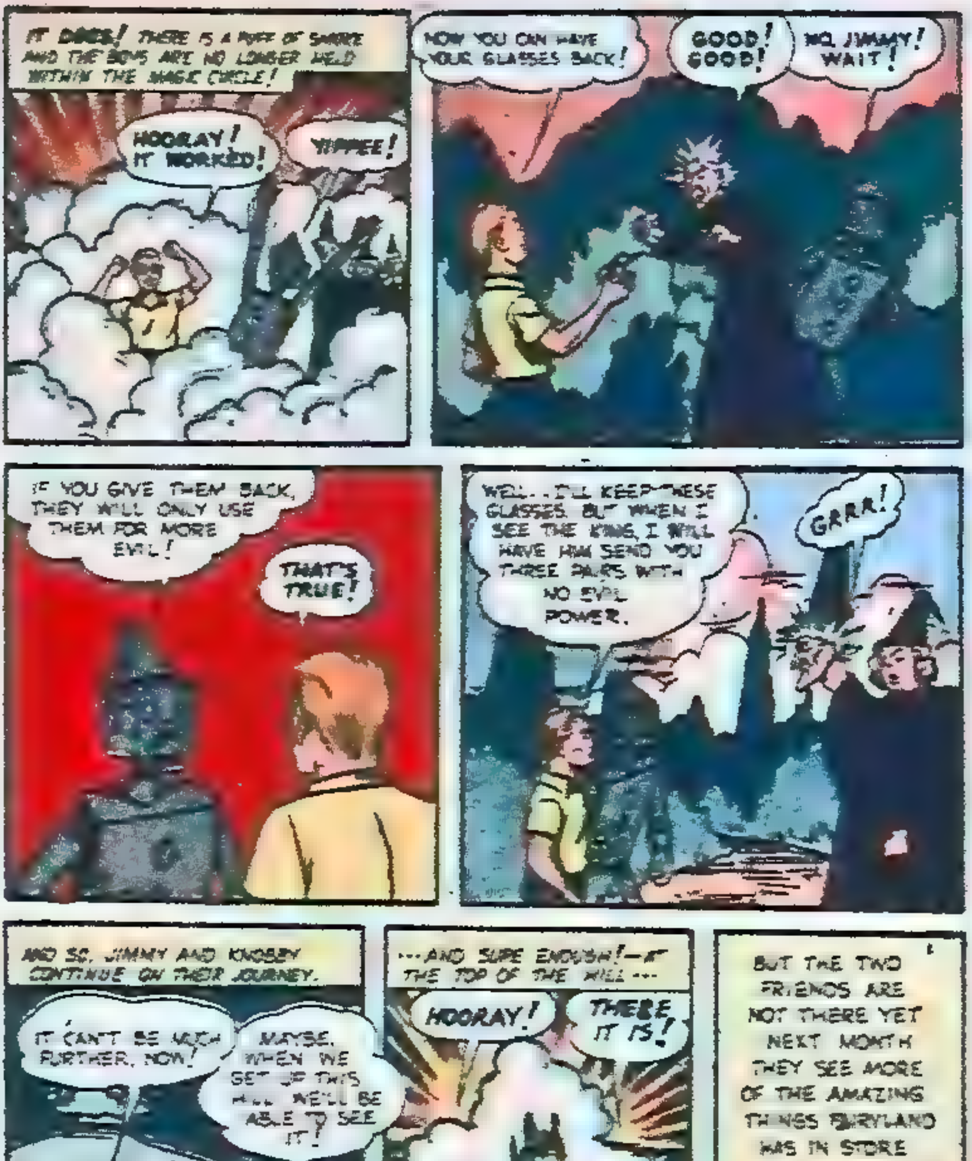

AH, THERE'S SOMEONE WE CAN ASK!
?
WHY, THAT'S ONLY AN OLD TORTOISE. HE WOULDN'T KNOW! AND IF HE DID, HE COULDN'T TALK TO TELL US!
DON'T FORGET, JIMMY- THIS IS FAIRYLAND. ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN HERE! C'MON, WE'LL ASK HIM.
O.K.
HELLO TORTOISE! MY NAME IS KNOBBY. WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE WAY TO THE CASTLE OF RA, THE KING.
HOW DO YOU DO, MR. TORTOISE?
GR-RUM! PFF!
WHAT A RIDICULOUS PLACE TO GO. IT'S HIGH ON A MOUNTAIN AND NOT A NICE, MUDDY RIVER WITHIN MILES. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY YOU SHOULD WANT TO GO THERE.
HOWEVER, I'LL TELL YOU IT'S ABOUT A FIFTY-YEAR JOURNEY, IN THAT DIRECTION!
GEE WHIZZ! A FIFTY-YEAR JOURNEY! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT.
DON'T FORGET, JIMMY THAT LENGTH OF TIME TO A TORTOISE MIGHT BE ONLY A FEW DAYS TO US.
OH! THAT'S RIGHT!
OH, LOOK! A RIVER! HOW ARE WE GOING TO CROSS THAT?
TEARIN' TERMITES!


NOW, WHAT DO WE DO?
PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU BOYS? HEH-HEH-HEH!
GEE WHIZ! A CROCODILE!
SURE! THAT'S GREAT!
I'LL TAKE YOU BOYS 'CROSS THE RIVER, IF YOU LIKE!
I HOPE WE DON'T FALL IN!
HERE WE GO!
THEN— WHEN THEY ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER---
HAH! NOW I'VE GOT YOU OUT HERE. I'M GOING TO EAT YOU!
GULP
GULP
WAIT, MR. CROC! IF YOU EAT US ALL AT ONCE, YOU'LL GET INDIGESTION. WHY DON'T YOU EAT US A PIECE AT A TIME?
EXCELLENT, MY BOY! YES, AN EXCELLENT IDEA!
QUICKLY TURNING TO KNOBBY, JIMMY HAS HIM UNFASTEN ONE OF HIS WOODEN LEGS–
HERE'S THE FIRST PIECE, MR. CROC. OPEN YOUR MOUTH!
AH!
HERE!
GRROW!
!
NOW, YOU OLD CROC! YOU TAKE US ASHORE OR I WON'T TAKE THAT OUT AND YOU'LL STARVE TO DEATH!
!?


SAFELY ON THE OTHER SIDE, JIMMY AND KNOBBY SET OFF ONCE MORE, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE KING'S CASTLE.
COME ON, KNOBBY!
WAIT 'TIL I GET THIS NUT TIGHTENED!
GR-R-RR- CURSES - OH, CURSES! WHY AM I SO DUMB
LOOK! SMOKE!
LET'S GO SEE WHAT IT IS
APPROACHING, THE FRIENDS SEE THREE WITCHES.
OH!
OH!
WHAT IS IT, MELISSA? WHAT DO YOU SEE?
GIVE US OUR TURN WITH THE GLASSES, SO WE CAN SEE, TOO
THE THREE WITCHES PASS THE GLASSES FROM ONE TO THE OTHER
GEE WHIZ! THEY'VE ONLY ONE PAIR OF GLASSES AMONG THEM!
AND THEY CAN'T SEE ANYTHING WITHOUT THEM!
COME IN, CHILDREN! COME IN AND VISIT US..
WHERE ARE YOU BOUND?
WE'RE GOING TO THE CASTLE OF RA, THE KING!
RA? AHA! SO, THEN HE IS A FRIEND OF YOURS.
GOOD! WE WILL KEEP YOU HERE UNTIL HE SENDS US A RANSOM OF TWO MORE PAIR OF GLASSES.
AND THE THREE WITCHES CAST A SPELL ON JIMMY AND KNOBBY - IMPRISONING THEM!


WELL, I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULDN'T ALL HAVE GLASSES. IF YOU LET US GO, I WILL ASK RA TO SEND THEM TO YOU.
OH, NO, JIMMY THEY'RE EVIL! IF THEY ALL HAD GLASSES THEY WOULD BE VERY POWERFUL AND OVERTHROW RA!
WHOEVER GOES TO RA WILL HAVE TO TAKE THE GLASSES. THEREFORE, I WILL GO
WHAT! AND LEAVE ME HERE, BLIND? OH, NO-I WILL GO!
YOU ARE BOTH WRONG- I WILL GO!
WHY DON'T YOU DRAW STRAWS? SHORT STRAW GOES.
VERY WELL. THAT'S FAIR.
JIMMY PREPARES THE STRAWS, AND---
YOU FIRST, MINERVA!
THERE!
NOW GIVE ME THE GLASSES, SO I CAN SEE TO DRAW!
HERE ARE THE GLASSES, WHERE ARE YOU?
HERE. WHERE ARE YOU?
NOW! YOU OLD WITCHES- I HAVE YOUR GLASSES— AND YOU'LL NOT GET THEM BACK UNTIL YOU LET US GO!


OH, PLEASE LITTLE BOY, GIVE US OUR GLASSES. WITHOUT THEM WE ARE BLIND.
NOT UNTIL YOU REMOVE THE SPELL!
VERY WELL, WE WILL REMOVE THE SPELL, BUT WE CANNOT DO IT UNTIL YOU GIVE US THE GLASSES!
THAT'S RIGHT!
HOW DO I KNOW YOU'LL DO IT IF I DO GIVE YOU THE GLASSES?
WE PROMISE!
DON'T BELIEVE THEM, JIMMY!
HM-M-- WE-E-LL! I THINK THERE IS SOMETHING FUNNY HERE! LEMME SEE!
HURRY! HURRY!
AHA-- I'VE GOT IT! I KNEW I'D THINK OF SOMETHING.
IF YOU CAN'T REMOVE THE SPELL WITHOUT THE GLASSES, THEN THE POWER MUST BE IN THEM. IF IT IS, I CAN DO IT MYSELF 'CAUSE I'VE GOT THE GLASSES.
CURSES!
CURSES!
THAT'S RIGHT, JIMMY!
I DEMAND THAT THE SPELL BE REMOVED!
WILL IT WORK? WILL THE SPELL GO?


IT DOES! THERE IS A PUFF OF SMOKE AND THE BOYS ARE NO LONGER HELD WITHIN THE MAGIC CIRCLE!
HOORAY! IT WORKED!
YIPPEE!
NOW YOU CAN HAVE YOUR GLASSES BACK!
GOOD! GOOD!
NO, JIMMY! WAIT!
IF YOU GIVE THEM BACK, THEY WILL ONLY USE THEM FOR MORE EVIL!
THAT'S TRUE!
WELL.. I'LL KEEP THESE GLASSES. BUT WHEN I SEE THE KING, I WILL HAVE HIM SEND YOU THREE PAIRS WITH NO EVIL POWER.
GRRR!
AND SO, JIMMY AND KNOBBY CONTINUE ON THEIR JOURNEY.
IT CAN'T BE MUCH FURTHER, NOW!
MAYBE, WHEN WE GET UP THIS HILL WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE IT!
---AND SURE ENOUGH!—AT THE TOP OF THE HILL---
HOORAY!
THERE IT IS!
BUT THE TWO FRIENDS ARE NOT THERE YET NEXT MONTH THEY SEE MORE OF THE AMAZING THINGS FAIRYLAND HAS IN STORE FOR ALL—
IN
MARVEL COMICS

JANE HAD TO GET ROUGH

By Faith Moorland

IT WAS SURE DEATH to all of them if the baby cried aloud. "Keep that kid quiet," said Peters in a hoarse whisper.

"I'm doing the best I can," replied his wife, trying to hush the little one that was sobbing and moaning in her lap. The wind drove the rain against the side of the car and made it rock to and fro.

"Mary," said Jane Peters to the young girl crouching beside her in the freight, "take the bottle and hold it between you and a crack and when it lightens, drop ten drops into the spoon."

Mary took the bottle and at each flash of lightning dropped a drop of paregoric into the spoon and when she had put in ten drops they gave it to the baby. That meant 20 drops; it was dangerous, but it had to be done.

"I suppose we mustn't strike a light," said the girl.

Fred Peters snorted. "You bet you can't strike a light; unless you're ready to give up your scalp," he replied without taking his eyes from the crack through which he was peeping for the first signs of the murdering Sioux. A Pawnee scout had warned the express company executive that the Sioux were on the loose and there had been just time enough to crawl into a freight car drawn up on a siding above the railroad station.

The station agent, Joe Regan, was still on the job, refusing to leave his post. Fred Peters knew his pal was sitting there just a few yards away in the little room that served as ticket office, telegraph office and sleeping compartment. It was hard to keep quiet there in the car while Joe faced the Sioux alone but there was his wife and baby and his wife's friend, that helpless school teacher from Boston, who had been boarding with them and he felt it his duty to protect them as best he could. Regan had understood this and told him to go.

"I'll hold them off as long as I can," he had said, "and help may get through from Ogallala." He had already wired for help, but Ogallala was seventy-five miles away.

The rain came in great sheets and with such force that it seemed the car could hardly hold the rail. It was just a common red stock car with a few armfuls of straw on the floor, re-routed from the main line just a few days before.

Occasionally, Peters turned to glance at the two women, who were crouching in one end, and when the lightning lit up their faces they were fearful to behold. Now the rain, cold as sleet, came through the cracks in the car and stung like a thousand hornets as it struck their skin. Jane Peters had seen three winters in Wyoming, but the school teacher was, in every sense, a tenderfoot and the experiences of the night had brought her to the verge of insanity.

"HERE THEY ARE," whispered Peters. The women put their eyes to a crack and when a flash came they could see a row of feathered heads that formed a half-circle around his house. Half the band dismounted and made a rush for the cottage. The door was broken down and the red devils swarmed in.

One of them took a newspaper and lighted it at the open fireplace making a torch which they used to hunt for the occupants. The little party in the stock car could see the Sioux running, half crouching, from room to room. Finding the place deserted and smarting under their disappointment, the Indians set fire to Peters' house and by the light of it started to loot the railroad station which stood less than a hundred yards away.

Joe Regan was waiting for them and as the Indians approached he opened fire. At the very first shot the leader of the murderous gang leaped high into the air, came down on his feet, leaped up again and finally fell in a heap to rise no more. With a deafening yell, the angry band made a rush for the door and began to beat upon it with tomahawks, clubs and guns.

Having emptied his rifle, the agent now took up a pair of 45 caliber revolvers and the lead fairly rattled against the door. No less than half-a-dozen barbarians sank to the ground, causing the besiegers to fall back. From a distance they began to pour lead into the building but Regan, crouching behind the little iron safe, was still unhurt. An Indian brought a torch from the burning cottage and attempted to fire the station, but the rain and wind put out the fire.

Two or three Sioux, noticing a string of cars upon the siding, began to search for stock or edible freight. From car to car they ran, thrusting their rifles into the straw. "Uh," said an old buck, as his rifle found something soft in one of the cars and Fred Peters gritted his teeth in pain as the rifle crashed in a rib.

Laying hold of the side of the car door and now as it opened, he thrust his hideous face inside. Peters could have blown off the top of his head but he knew that to fire would be to attract a dozen redskins against whom he could not hope to hold out long. The women scarcely breathed and the baby, full of paregoric, slept as though it had entered upon its final rest.

The other two Indians had given up the search among the empty cars and gone back to the station where the agent, having reloaded his weapons, kept the gang hopping and dancing on the station platform.

THE OLD SIOUX at the car door cocked his head and listened. Perhaps he thought he heard someone breathing for he put his hands on the sill and leaped into the car. He had scarcely straightened up when Peters' rifle fell across his feathered head and he dropped without a sound. The young Boston school teacher opened her mouth to scream and Jane Peters landed a swift right to the jaw. The teacher flopped over beside the Indian.

The Sioux never moved a finger. Quick examination showed Peters his neck was broken and removing the warrior's gun and ammunition, he covered the dead body with straw.

Every attempt to fire the station having failed, the Indians were now preparing to storm the fort. Peter groaned for he knew Joe Regan was doomed; then suddenly he felt the car vibrate as though it were being rolled slowly along the rail. His first thought was that the Indians were pushing the empty cars down near the station and that they would set fire to the straw and then there would be no possible escape. Jane Peters thought so too, for she looked at her husband.

You'll give us the lead before they get through?"

"Yup," he said and swallowed hard.

"And save a bullet for yourself," she added.

He nodded, not daring to trust himself to speak. Then there was a roar and an instant later a great dark object hove in sight and rolled past their car. It was a locomotive drawing a dozen box cars and running without a headlight. As it got abreast of the station the box cars opened up and out spilled a company of government scouts, all Pawnees except the officers. What followed was short and decisive and the Sioux fled leaving more than half their number on the station platform.

The conductor had ridden all the way on the locomotive and the moment the train stopped he leaped to the ground and ran through a shower of bullets to where the cottage had been. The sight of the house in ashes made him sick at heart, but there was still hope, they might have escaped to the station and facing about he fought his way through the shot riddled door. Joe Regan lay upon the floor in a pool of his own blood, but he was living.

"Where are they?" asked the conductor.

"Among the stock cars, if they are still alive," was the faint whisper. "I saw them leaving the house . . . go get them . . . I'm all right," and the conductor, placing the wounded man on his bed, made for the stock cars.

"Peters, where are you?" he called and Peters answered, only two cars away. The conductor lighted his lantern and climbed aboard. Jane and Fred Peters greeted him with a smile, but the school teacher was still out cold.

"Is she dead?" asked the conductor falling upon his knees and holding the light close to the girl's face.

"Dead? Hell, no," said Peters. "She's just unconscious. She started to scream and Jane, here, had to get rough."

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. [illegible]

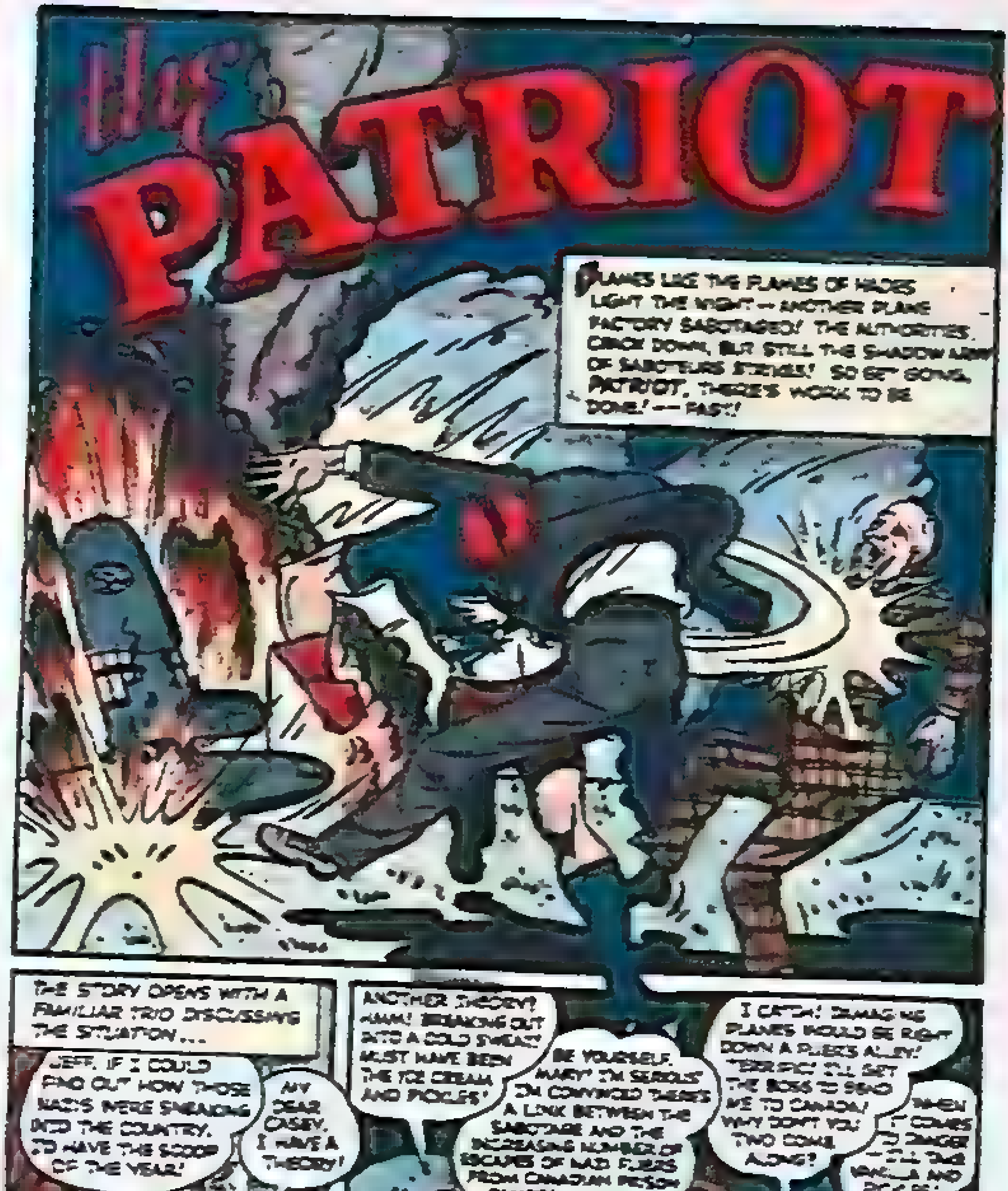
[illegible]

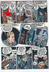
(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN

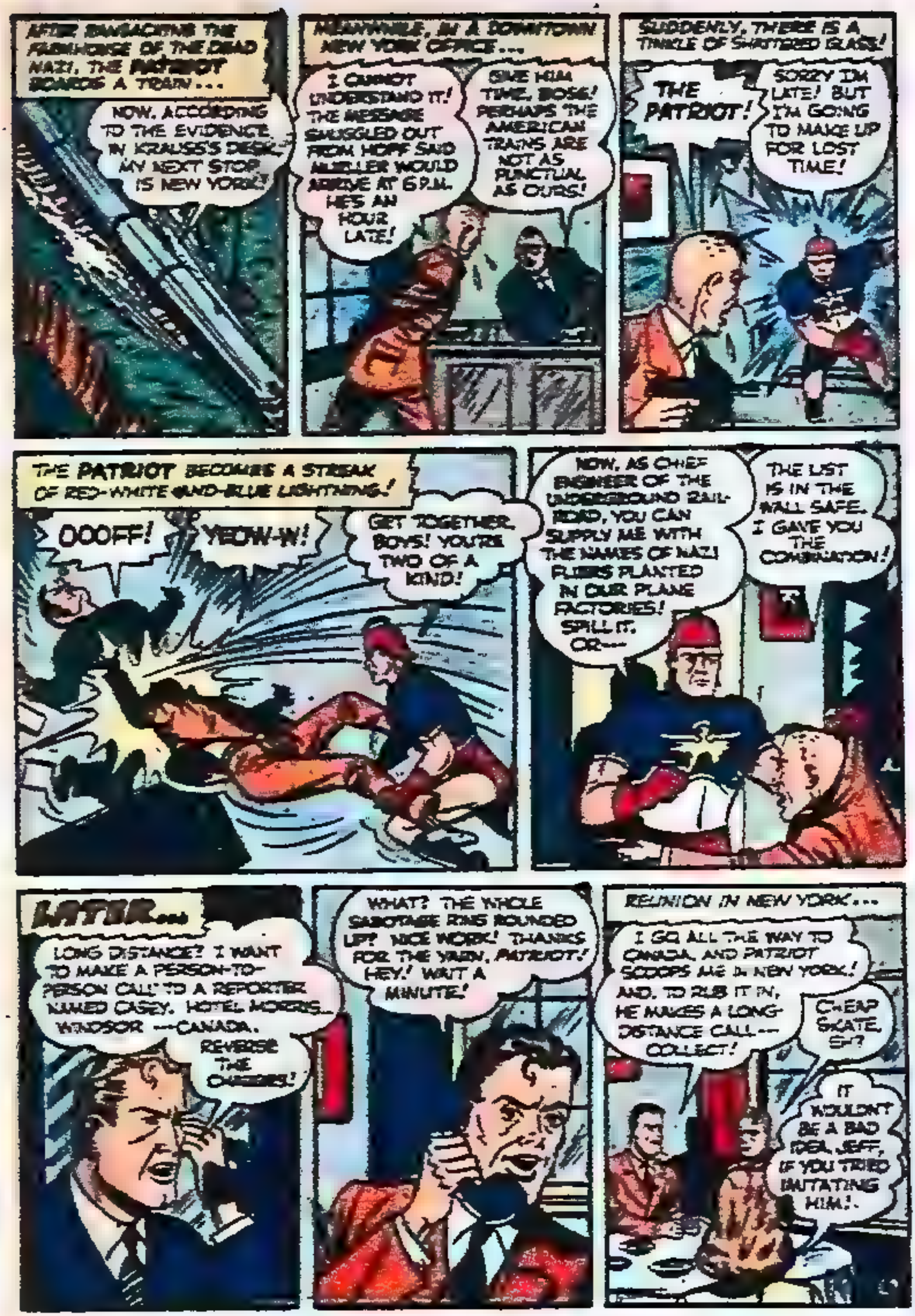
[illegible]

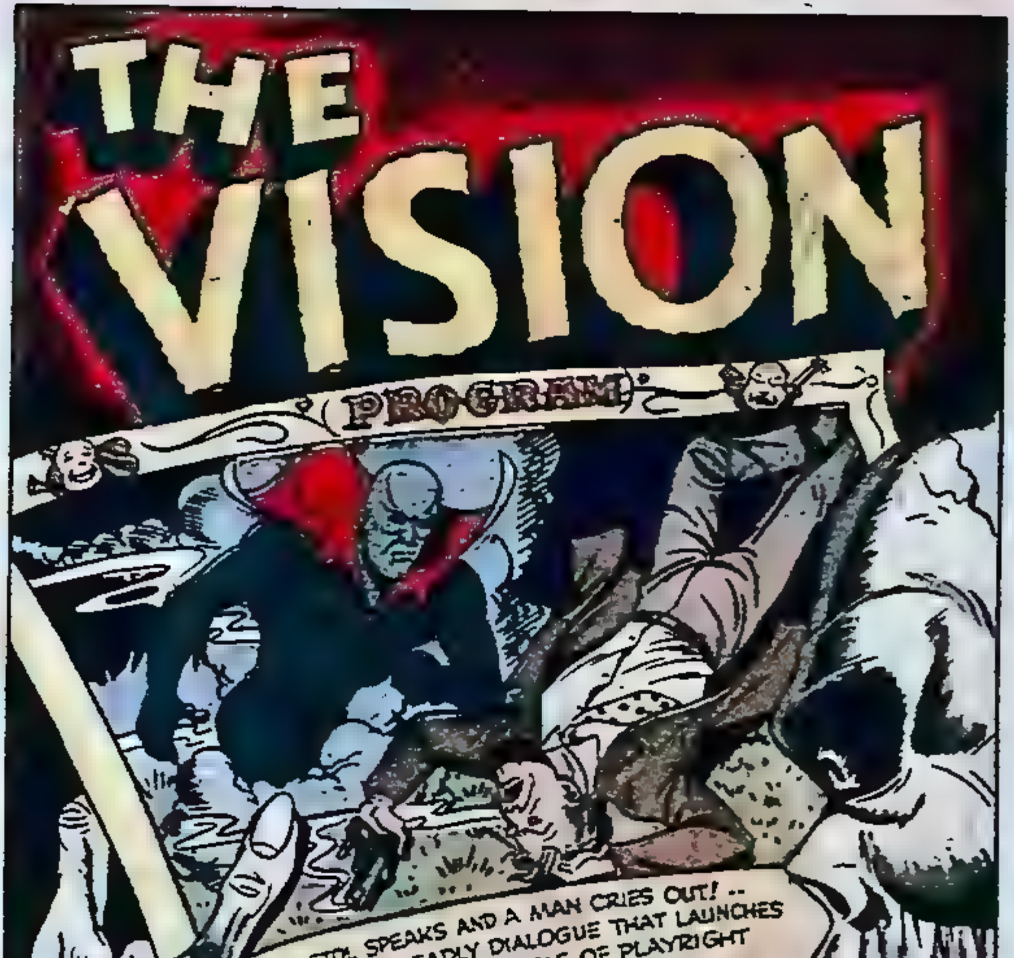
(SEAL) [illegible]

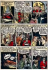
[illegible]

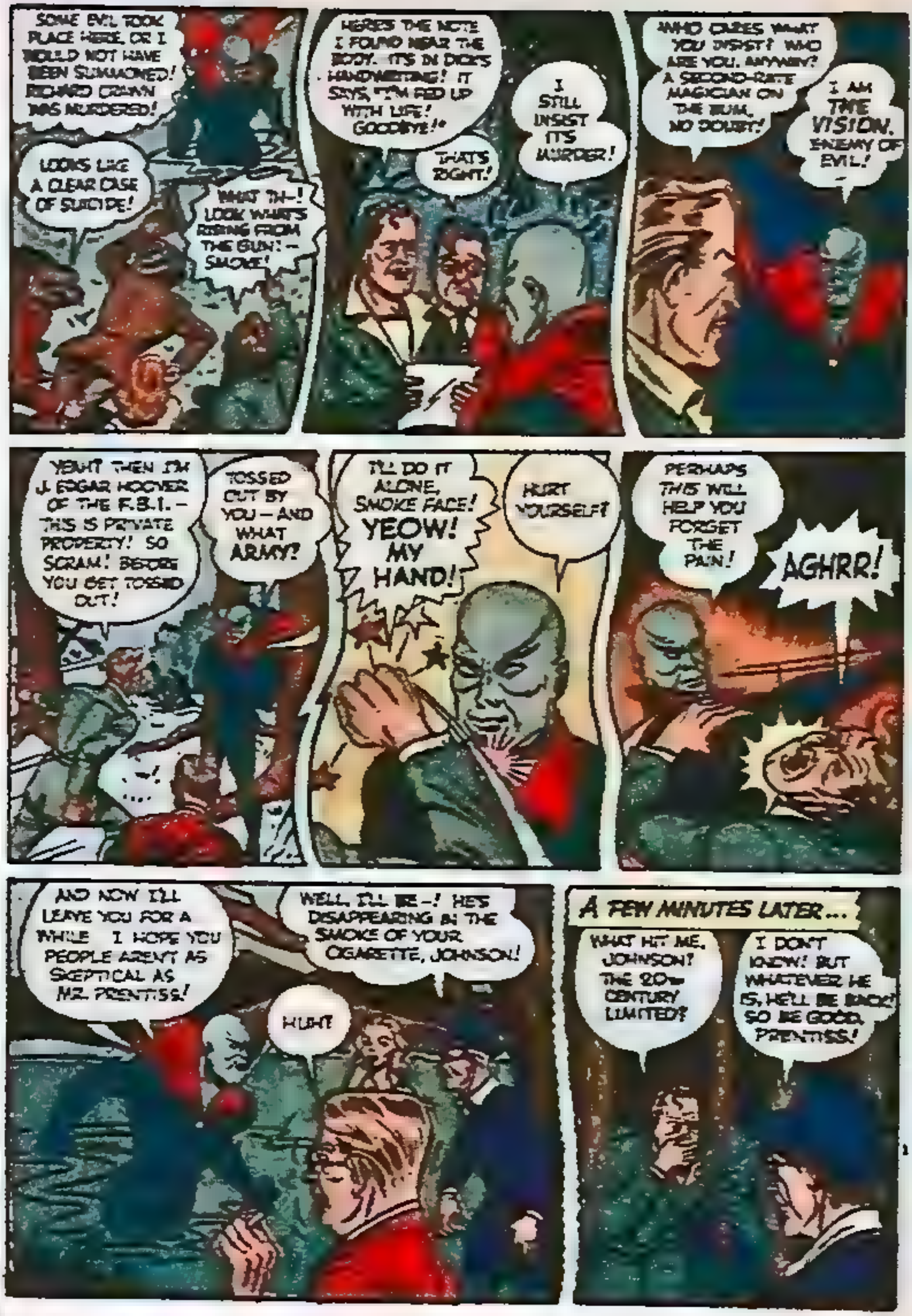

The PATRIOT
FLAMES LIKE THE FLAMES OF HADES LIGHT THE NIGHT — ANOTHER PLANE FACTORY SABOTAGED! THE AUTHORITIES CRACK DOWN, BUT STILL THE SHADOW ARMY OF SABOTEURS STRIKES! SO GET GOING, PATRIOT, THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE! — FAST!
THE STORY OPENS WITH A FAMILIAR TRIO DISCUSSING THE SITUATION...
JEFF, IF I COULD FIND OUT HOW THOSE NAZIS WERE SNEAKING INTO THE COUNTRY, I'D HAVE THE SCOOP OF THE YEAR!
MY DEAR CASEY, I HAVE A THEORY!
ANOTHER THEORY? HMM! BREAKING OUT INTO A COLD SWEAT? MUST HAVE BEEN THE ICE CREAM AND PICKLES!
BE YOURSELF, MARY! I'M SERIOUS! I'M CONVINCED THERE'S A LINK BETWEEN THE SABOTAGE AND THE INCREASING NUMBER OF ESCAPES OF NAZI FLIERS FROM CANADIAN PRISON CAMPS!
I CATCH! IMAGINE PLANES WOULD BE RIGHT DOWN A FLIER'S ALLEY! TERRIFIC! I'LL GET THE BOSS TO SEND ME TO CANADA! WHY DON'T YOU TWO COME ALONG?
WHEN IT COMES TO DANGER — I'LL TAKE VANILLA AND PICKLES!
YOU WOULD!

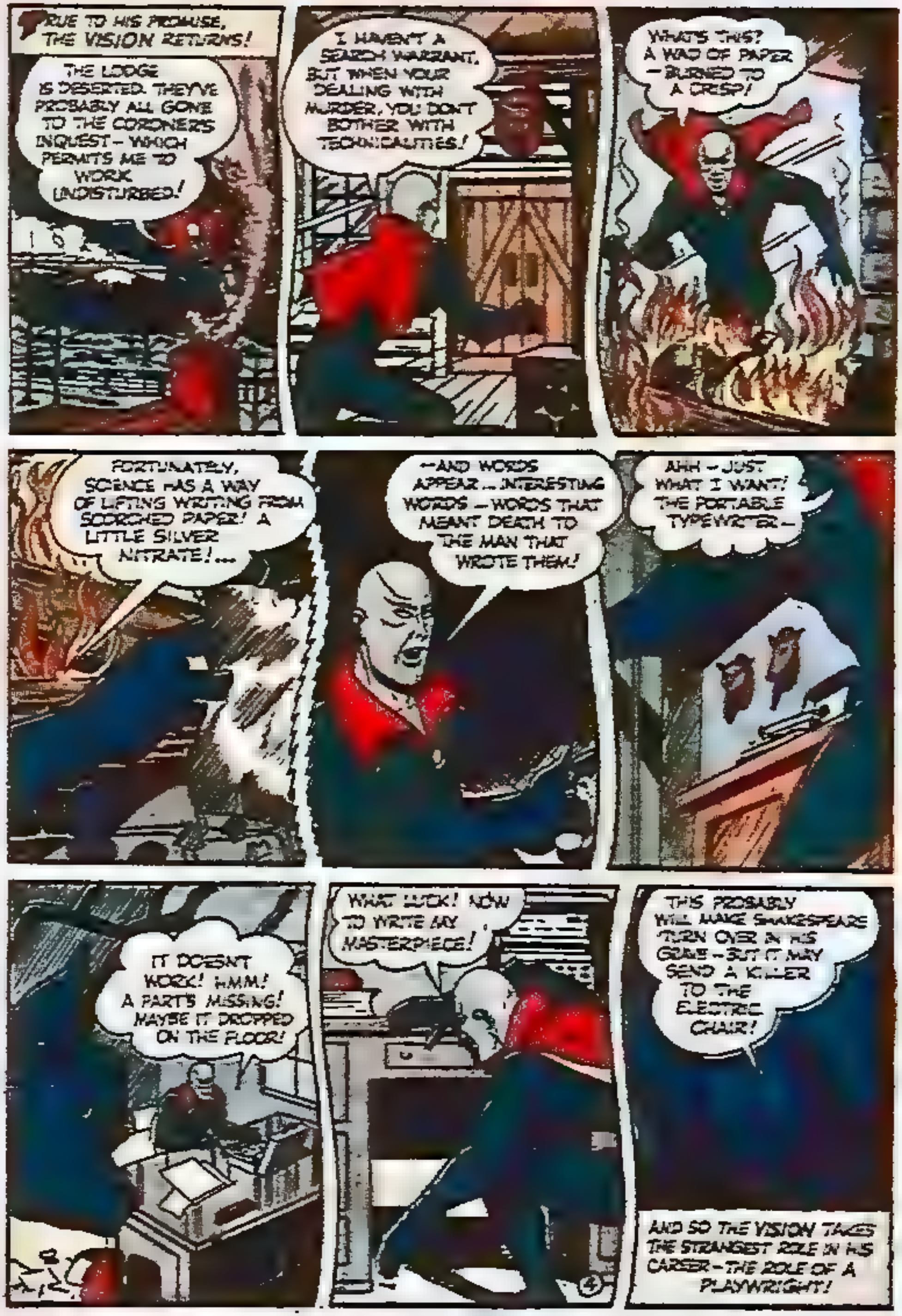


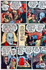

AFTER RANSACKING THE FARMHOUSE OF THE DEAD NAZI, THE PATRIOT BOARDS A TRAIN...
NOW, ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE IN KRAUSS'S DESK, MY NEXT STOP IS NEW YORK!
MEANWHILE, IN A DOWNTOWN NEW YORK OFFICE...
I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT! THE MESSAGE SMUGGLED OUT FROM HOFF SAID MUELLER WOULD ARRIVE AT 6 P.M. HE'S AN HOUR LATE!
GIVE HIM TIME, BOSS! PERHAPS THE AMERICAN TRAINS ARE NOT AS PUNCTUAL AS OURS!
SUDDENLY, THERE IS A TINKLE OF SHATTERED GLASS!
THE PATRIOT!
SORRY I'M LATE! BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME!
THE PATRIOT BECOMES A STREAK OF RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE LIGHTNING!
OOOFF!
YEOW-W!
GET TOGETHER, BOYS! YOU'RE TWO OF A KIND!
NOW, AS CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD, YOU CAN SUPPLY ME WITH THE NAMES OF NAZI FLIERS PLANTED IN OUR PLANE FACTORIES! SPILL IT. OR—
THE LIST IS IN THE WALL SAFE. I GAVE YOU THE COMBINATION!
LATER...
LONG DISTANCE? I WANT TO MAKE A PERSON-TO-PERSON CALL TO A REPORTER NAMED CASEY. HOTEL MORRIS... WINDSOR —CANADA.
REVERSE THE CHARGES!
WHAT? THE WHOLE SABOTAGE RING ROUNDED UP? NICE WORK! THANKS FOR THE YARN, PATRIOT! HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!
REUNION IN NEW YORK...
I GO ALL THE WAY TO CANADA, AND PATRIOT SCOOPS ME IN NEW YORK! AND, TO RUB IT IN, HE MAKES A LONG-DISTANCE CALL—COLLECT!
CHEAP SKATE, EH?
IT WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA, JEFF, IF YOU TRIED IMITATING HIM!

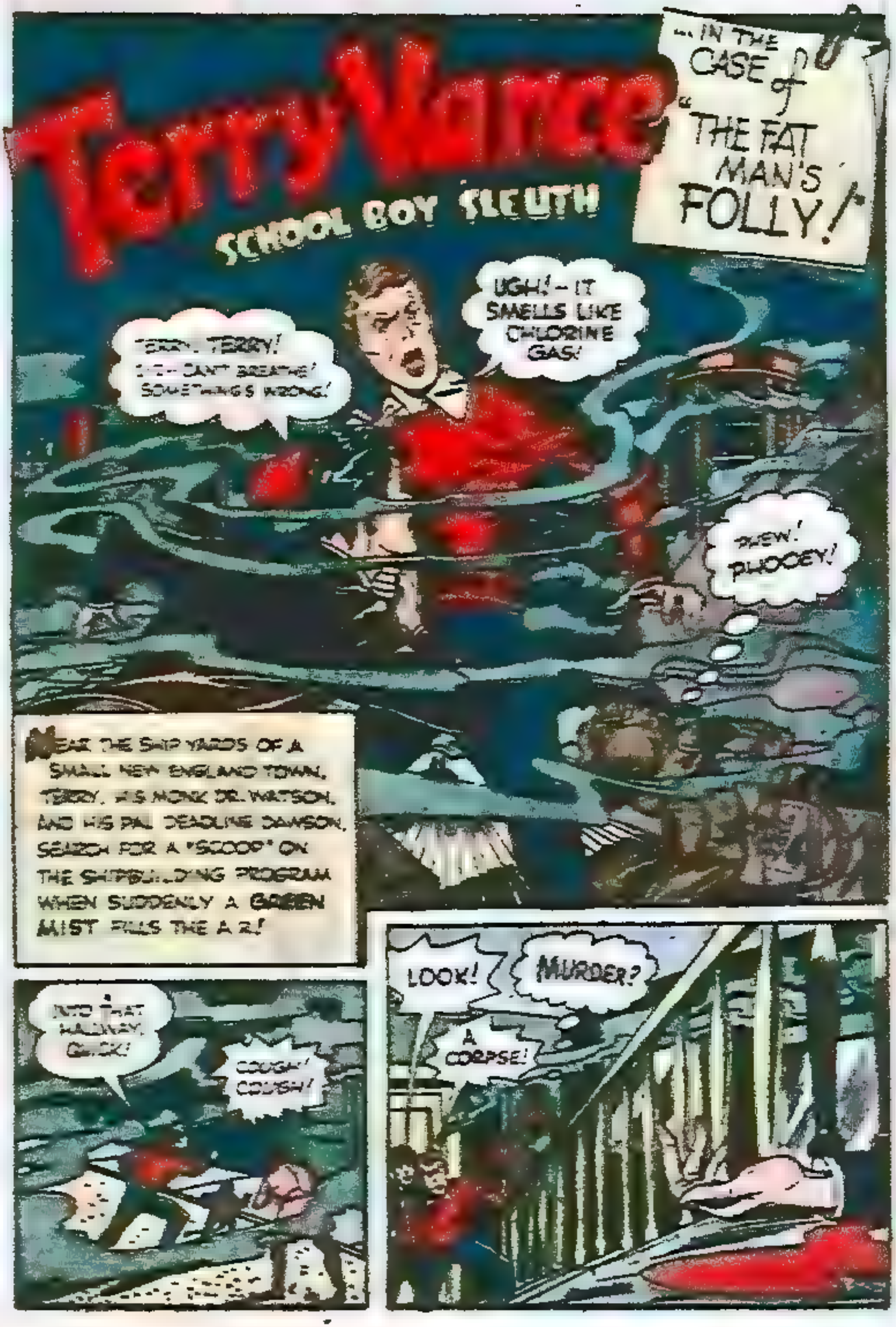

THE VISION
PROGRAM
A PISTOL SPEAKS AND A MAN CRIES OUT! -- THIS IS THE DEADLY DIALOGUE THAT LAUNCHES THE VISION IN THE ROLE OF PLAYRIGHT TO OUT-PLOT A KILLER ... IN ...
"DIALOGUE OF DEATH!"
A MYSTERY PLAY IN ONE ACT
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY
THE VISION

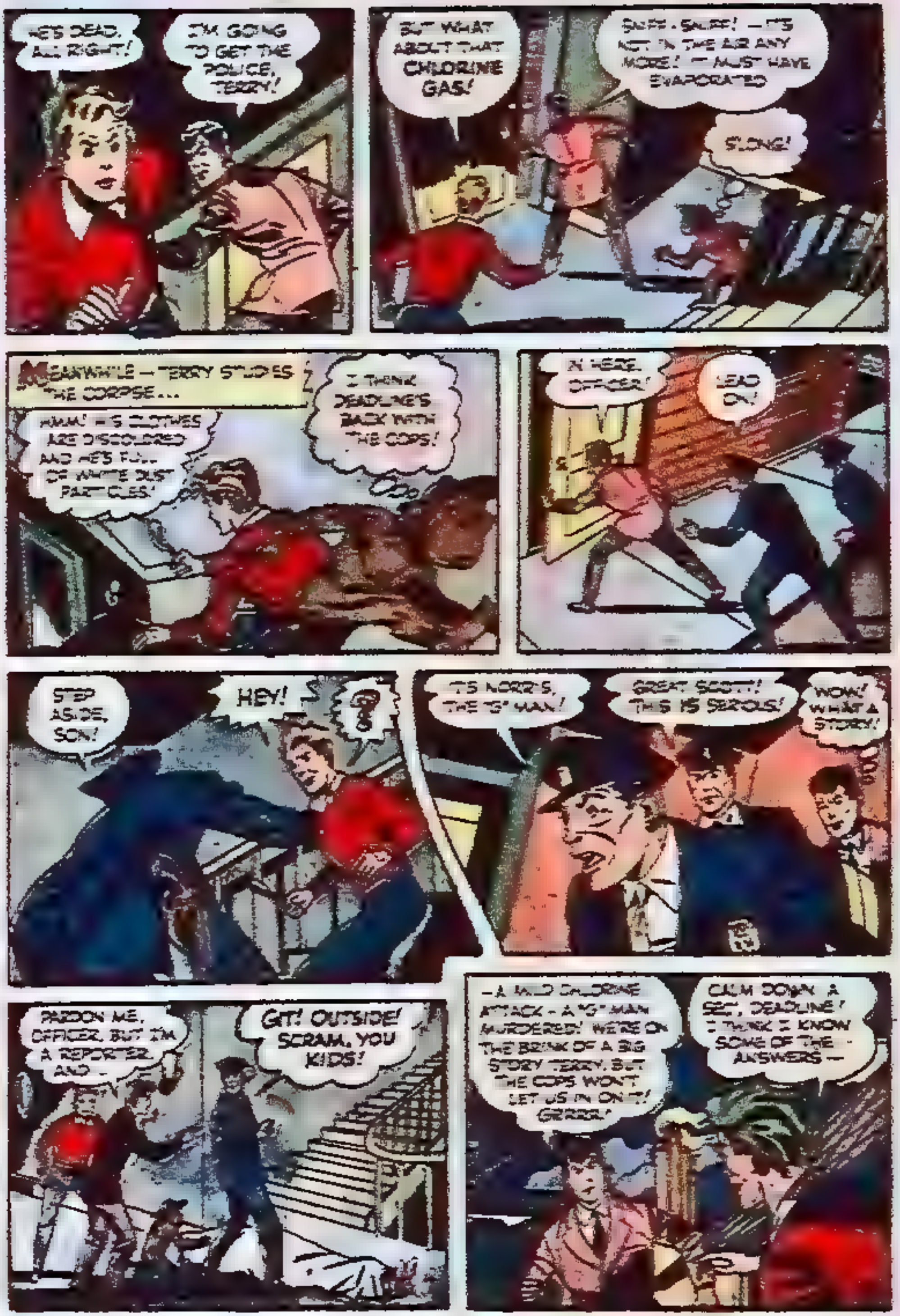


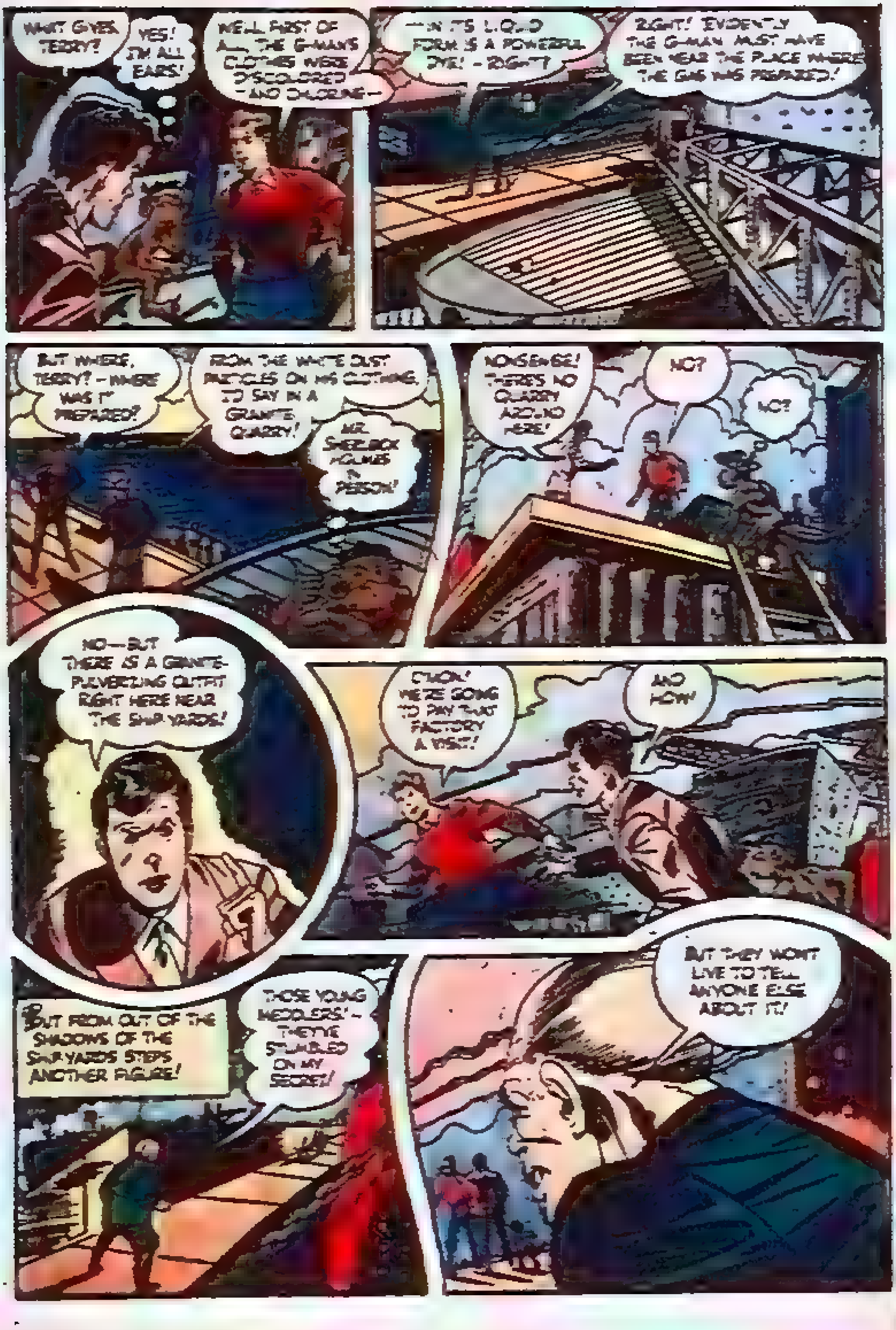

SOME EVIL TOOK PLACE HERE, OR I WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SUMMONED! RICHARD CRAWN WAS MURDERED!
LOOKS LIKE A CLEAR CASE OF SUICIDE!
WHAT TH--! LOOK WHAT'S RISING FROM THE GUN! --SMOKE!
HERE'S THE NOTE I FOUND NEAR THE BODY. IT'S IN DICK'S HANDWRITING! IT SAYS, "I'M FED UP WITH LIFE! GOODBYE!"
THAT'S RIGHT!
I STILL INSIST IT'S MURDER!
WHO CARES WHAT YOU INSIST? WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY? A SECOND-RATE MAGICIAN ON THE BUM, NO DOUBT!
I AM THE VISION, ENEMY OF EVIL!
YEAH? THEN I'M J. EDGAR HOOVER OF THE F.B.I. -- THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY! SO SCRAM! BEFORE YOU GET TOSSED OUT!
TOSSED OUT BY YOU -- AND WHAT ARMY?
I'LL DO IT ALONE, SMOKE FACE! YEOW! MY HAND!
HURT YOURSELF?
PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP YOU FORGET THE PAIN!
AGHRR!
AND NOW I'LL LEAVE YOU FOR A WHILE. I HOPE YOU PEOPLE AREN'T AS SKEPTICAL AS MR. PRENTISS!
WELL, I'LL BE--! HE'S DISAPPEARING IN THE SMOKE OF YOUR CIGARETTE, JOHNSON!
HUH?
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WHAT HIT ME, JOHNSON? THE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED?
I DON'T KNOW! BUT WHATEVER HE IS, HE'LL BE BACK! SO BE GOOD, PRENTISS!

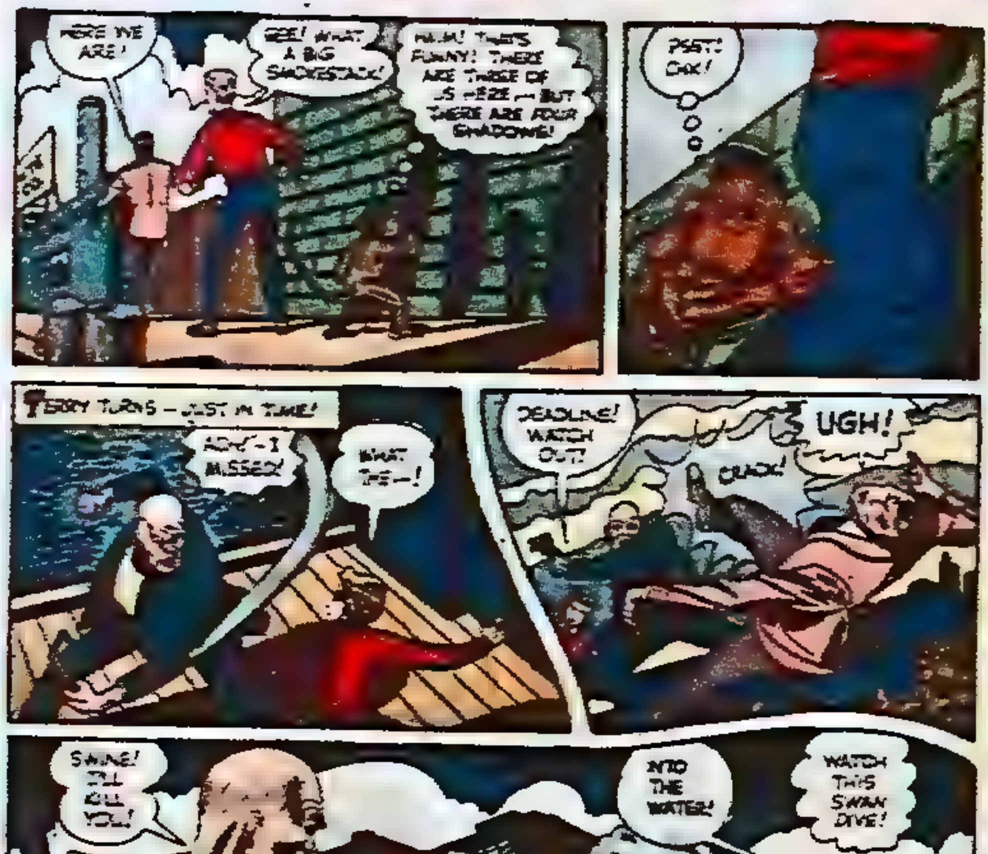

TRUE TO HIS PROMISE, THE VISION RETURNS!
THE LODGE IS DESERTED. THEY'VE PROBABLY ALL GONE TO THE CORONERS INQUEST – WHICH PERMITS ME TO WORK UNDISTURBED!
I HAVEN'T A SEARCH WARRANT, BUT WHEN YOUR DEALING WITH MURDER, YOU DON'T BOTHER WITH TECHNICALITIES!
WHAT'S THIS? A WAD OF PAPER – BURNED TO A CRISP!
FORTUNATELY, SCIENCE HAS A WAY OF LIFTING WRITING FROM SCORCHED PAPER! A LITTLE SILVER NITRATE!...
–AND WORDS APPEAR ... INTERESTING WORDS – WORDS THAT MEANT DEATH TO THE MAN THAT WROTE THEM!
AHH – JUST WHAT I WANT! THE PORTABLE TYPEWRITER–
IT DOESN'T WORK! HMM! A PART'S MISSING! MAYBE IT DROPPED ON THE FLOOR!
WHAT LUCK! NOW TO WRITE MY MASTERPIECE!
THIS PROBABLY WILL MAKE SHAKESPEARE TURN OVER IN HIS GRAVE – BUT IT MAY SEND A KILLER TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
AND SO THE VISION TAKES THE STRANGEST ROLE IN HIS CAREER – THE ROLE OF A PLAYWRIGHT!

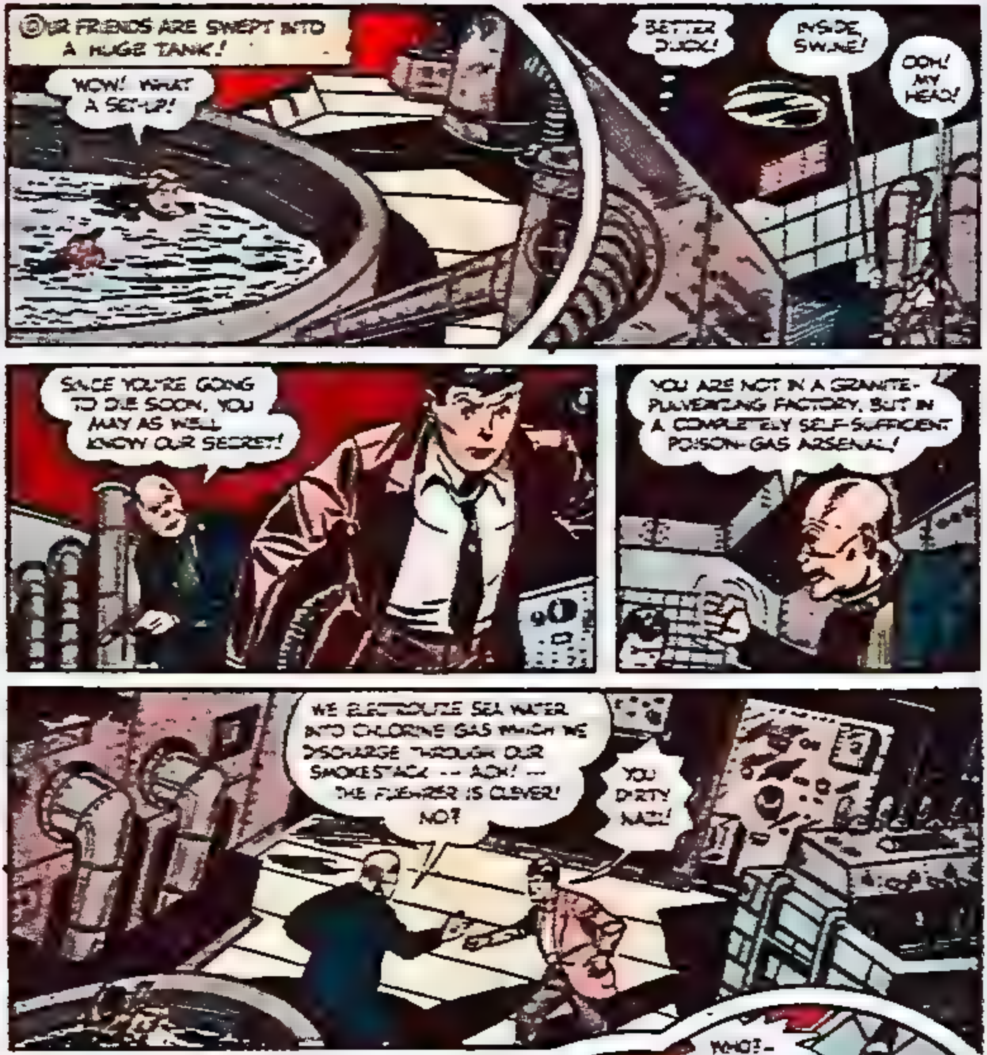


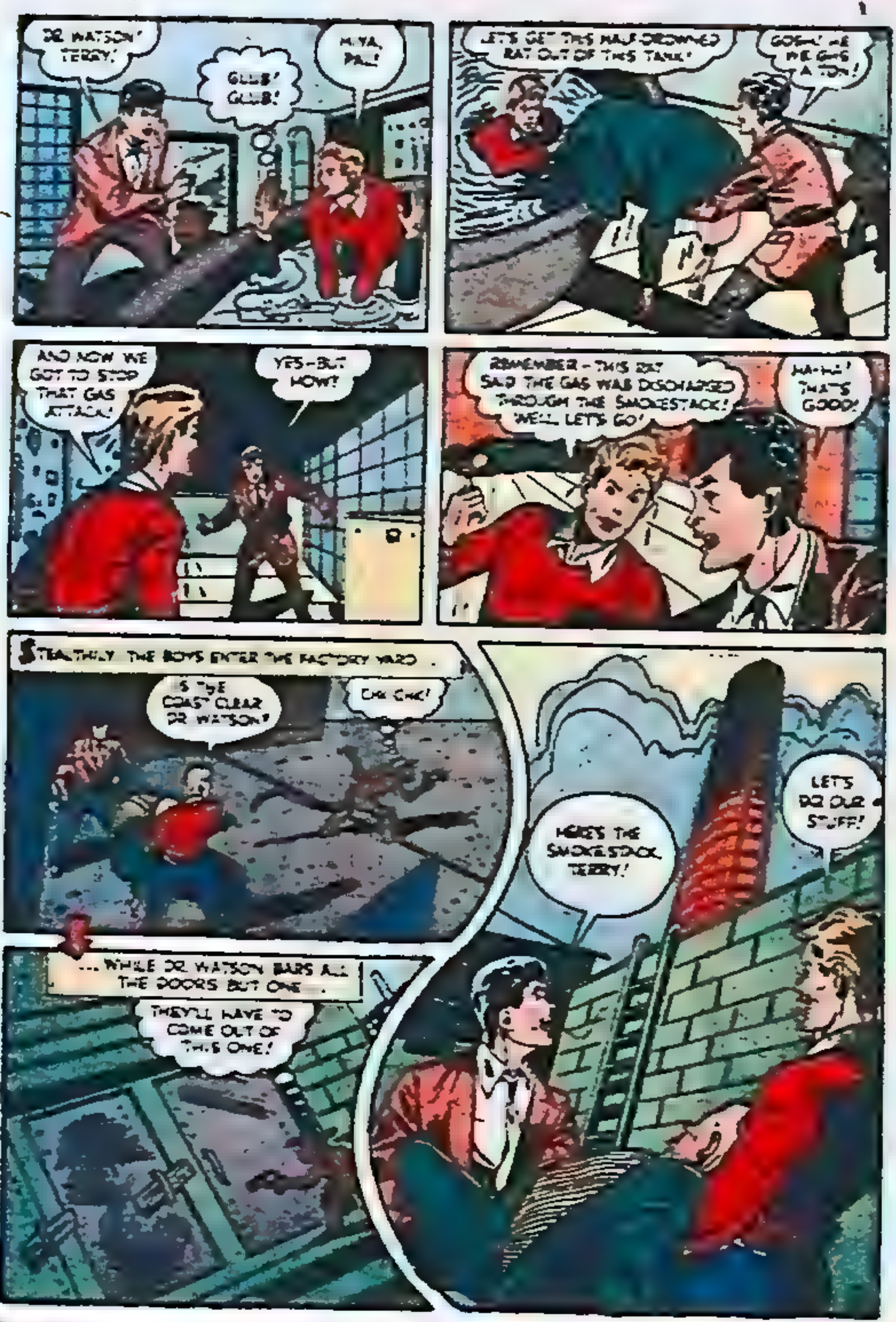

Terry Vance
SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
...IN THE CASE of "THE FAT MAN'S FOLLY!"
TERRY, TERRY! I-I- CAN'T BREATHE! SOMETHING'S WRONG!
UGH! – IT SMELLS LIKE CHLORINE GAS!
PHEW! PHOOEY!
NEAR THE SHIP YARDS OF A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN, TERRY, HIS MONK DR. WATSON, AND HIS PAL DEADLINE DAWSON, SEARCH FOR A "SCOOP" ON THE SHIPBUILDING PROGRAM WHEN SUDDENLY A GREEN MIST FILLS THE AIR!
INTO THAT HALLWAY, QUICK!
COUGH! COUGH!
LOOK!
MURDER?
A CORPSE!

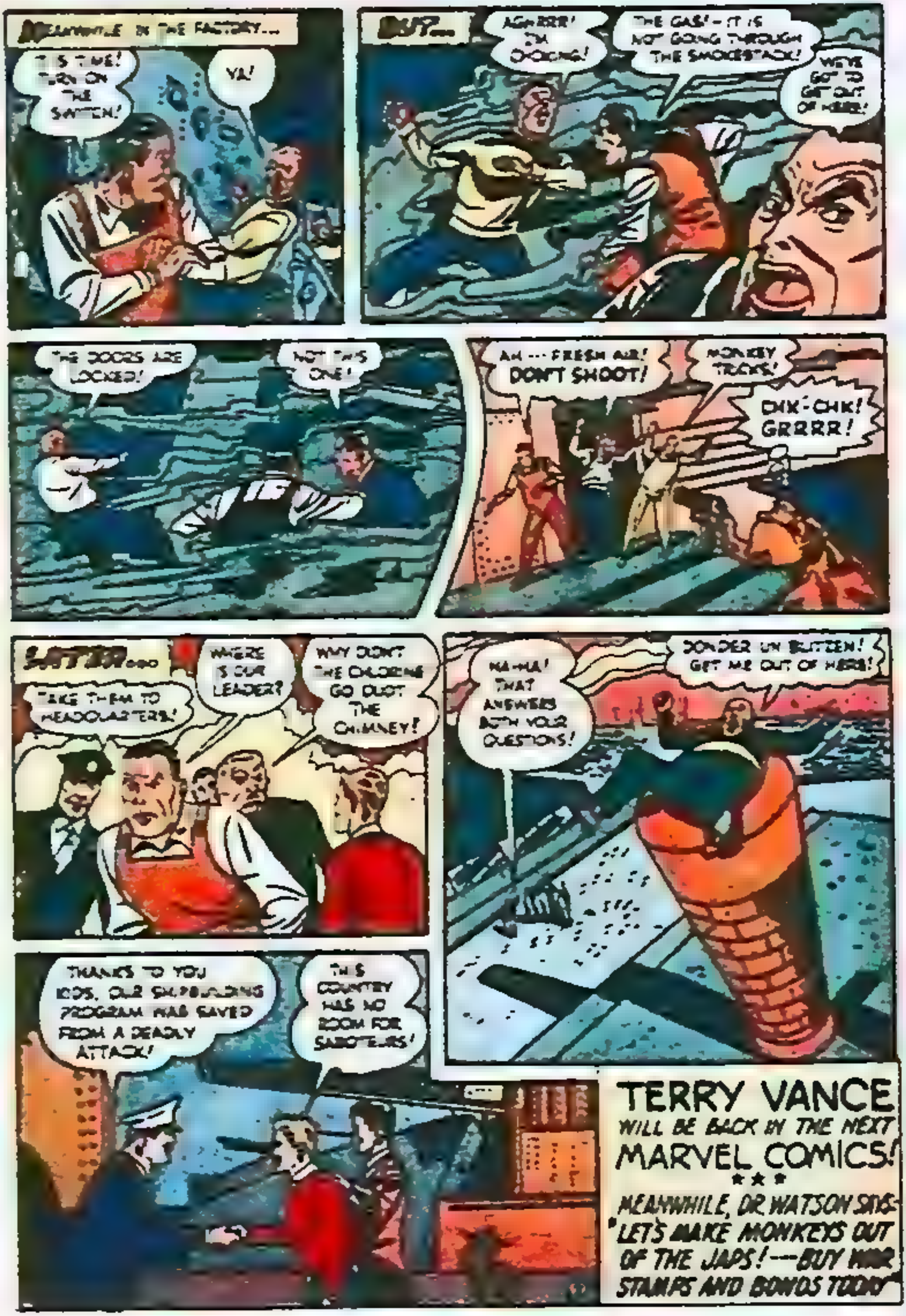

HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT!
I'M GOING TO GET THE POLICE, TERRY!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT CHLORINE GAS!
SNIFF - SNIFF! — IT'S NOT IN THE AIR ANY MORE! IT MUST HAVE EVAPORATED
S'LONG!
MEANWHILE — TERRY STUDIES THE CORPSE...
HMM! HIS CLOTHES ARE DISCOLORED AND HE'S FULL OF WHITE DUST PARTICLES!
I THINK DEADLINE'S BACK WITH THE COPS!
IN HERE, OFFICER!
LEAD ON!
STEP ASIDE, SON!
HEY!
?
IT'S NORRIS, THE "G" MAN!
GREAT SCOTT! THIS IS SERIOUS!
WOW! WHAT A STORY!
PARDON ME, OFFICER, BUT I'M A REPORTER AND -
GIT! OUTSIDE! SCRAM, YOU KIDS!
— A WILD CHLORINE ATTACK - A "G" MAN MURDERED! WE'RE ON THE BRINK OF A BIG STORY TERRY, BUT THE COPS WON'T LET US IN ON IT! GRRRR!
CALM DOWN A SEC, DEADLINE! I THINK I KNOW SOME OF THE ANSWERS —


WHAT GIVES, TERRY?
YES! I'M ALL EARS!
WELL, FIRST OF ALL, THE G-MAN'S CLOTHES WERE DISCOLORED —AND CHLORINE—
—IN ITS LIQUID FORM IS A POWERFUL DYE! —RIGHT?
RIGHT! EVIDENTLY THE G-MAN MUST HAVE BEEN NEAR THE PLACE WHERE THE GAS WAS PREPARED!
BUT WHERE, TERRY? —WHERE WAS IT PREPARED?
FROM THE WHITE DUST PARTICLES ON HIS CLOTHING, I'D SAY IN A GRANITE QUARRY!
MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES IN PERSON!
NONSENSE! THERE'S NO QUARRY AROUND HERE!
NO?
NO?
NO—BUT THERE IS A GRANITE-PULVERIZING OUTFIT RIGHT HERE NEAR THE SHIP YARDS!
C'MON! WE'RE GOING TO PAY THAT FACTORY A VISIT!
AND HOW!
BUT FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS OF THE SHIP YARDS STEPS ANOTHER FIGURE!
THOSE YOUNG MEDDLERS! —THEY'VE STUMBLED ON MY SECRET!
BUT THEY WON'T LIVE TO TELL ANYONE ELSE ABOUT IT!


HERE WE ARE!
GEE! WHAT A BIG SMOKESTACK!
HMM! THAT'S FUNNY! THERE ARE THREE OF US HERE — BUT THERE ARE FOUR SHADOWS!
PSST! DAX!
TERRY TURNS — JUST IN TIME!
ACH! — I MISSED!
WHAT THE—!
DEADLINE! WATCH OUT!
CRACK!
UGH!
SWINE! I'LL KILL YOU!
INTO THE WATER!
WATCH THIS SWAN DIVE!
BANG!
BANG!
SAFE!
SPLASH!
THIS CURRENT IS TAKING US RIGHT INTO THE FACTORY!


OUR FRIENDS ARE SWEPT INTO A HUGE TANK!
WOW! WHAT A SET-UP!
BETTER DUCK!
INSIDE, SWINE!
OOH! MY HEAD!
SINCE YOU'RE GOING TO DIE SOON, YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW OUR SECRET!
YOU ARE NOT IN A GRANITE-PULVERIZING FACTORY, BUT IN A COMPLETELY SELF-SUFFICIENT POISON-GAS ARSENAL!
WE ELECTROLIZE SEA WATER INTO CHLORINE GAS WHICH WE DISCHARGE THROUGH OUR SMOKESTACK -- ACH! -- THE FUEHRER IS CLEVER! NO?
YOU DIRTY NAZI!
—IF HE BACKS UP—JUST A LITTLE MORE!
YOUR G-MAN ALMOST DISCOVERED US – BUT NOW HE'S DEAD! AND AT THIS VERY MOMENT, MY WORKERS ARE READY TO FILL THE SHIPYARDS WITH POISON GAS!
WHO?– WHAT—!
NO SABOTAGE TODAY, MISTER!
GIVE HIM A GOOD BATH, TERRY!

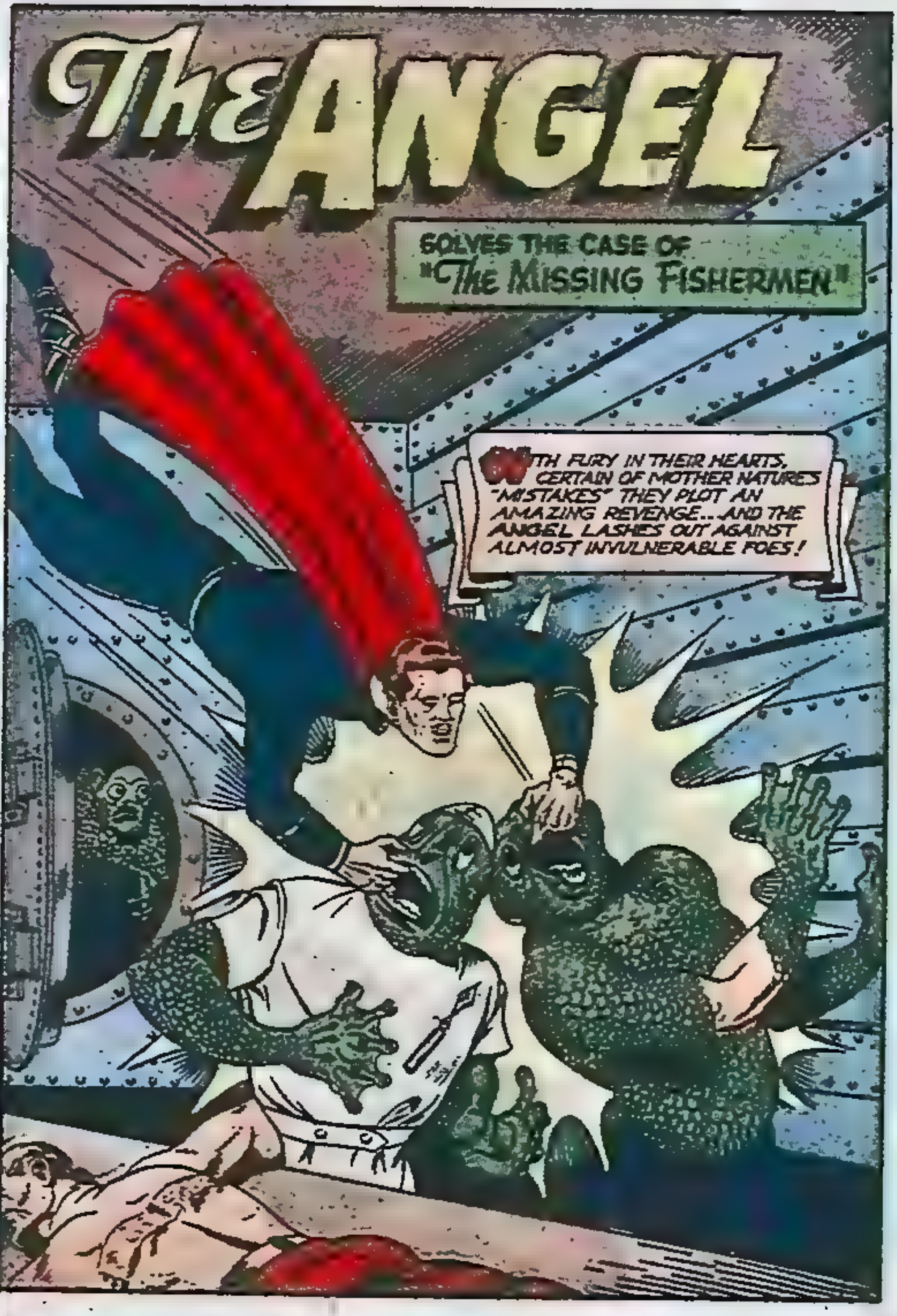

DR WATSON! TERRY!
GLUB! GLUB!
HIYA, PAL!
LET'S GET THIS HALF-DROWNED RAT OUT OF THIS TANK!
GOSH! HE WEIGHS A TON!
AND NOW WE GOT TO STOP THAT GAS ATTACK!
YES—BUT HOW?
REMEMBER—THIS RAT SAID THE GAS WAS DISCHARGED THROUGH THE SMOKESTACK! WELL, LET'S GO!
HA-HA! THAT'S GOOD!
STEALTHILY THE BOYS ENTER THE FACTORY YARD ...
IS THE COAST CLEAR DR WATSON?
OK OK!
... WHILE DR WATSON BARS ALL THE DOORS BUT ONE ...
THEY'LL HAVE TO COME OUT OF THIS ONE!
HERE'S THE SMOKESTACK, TERRY!
LET'S DO OUR STUFF!

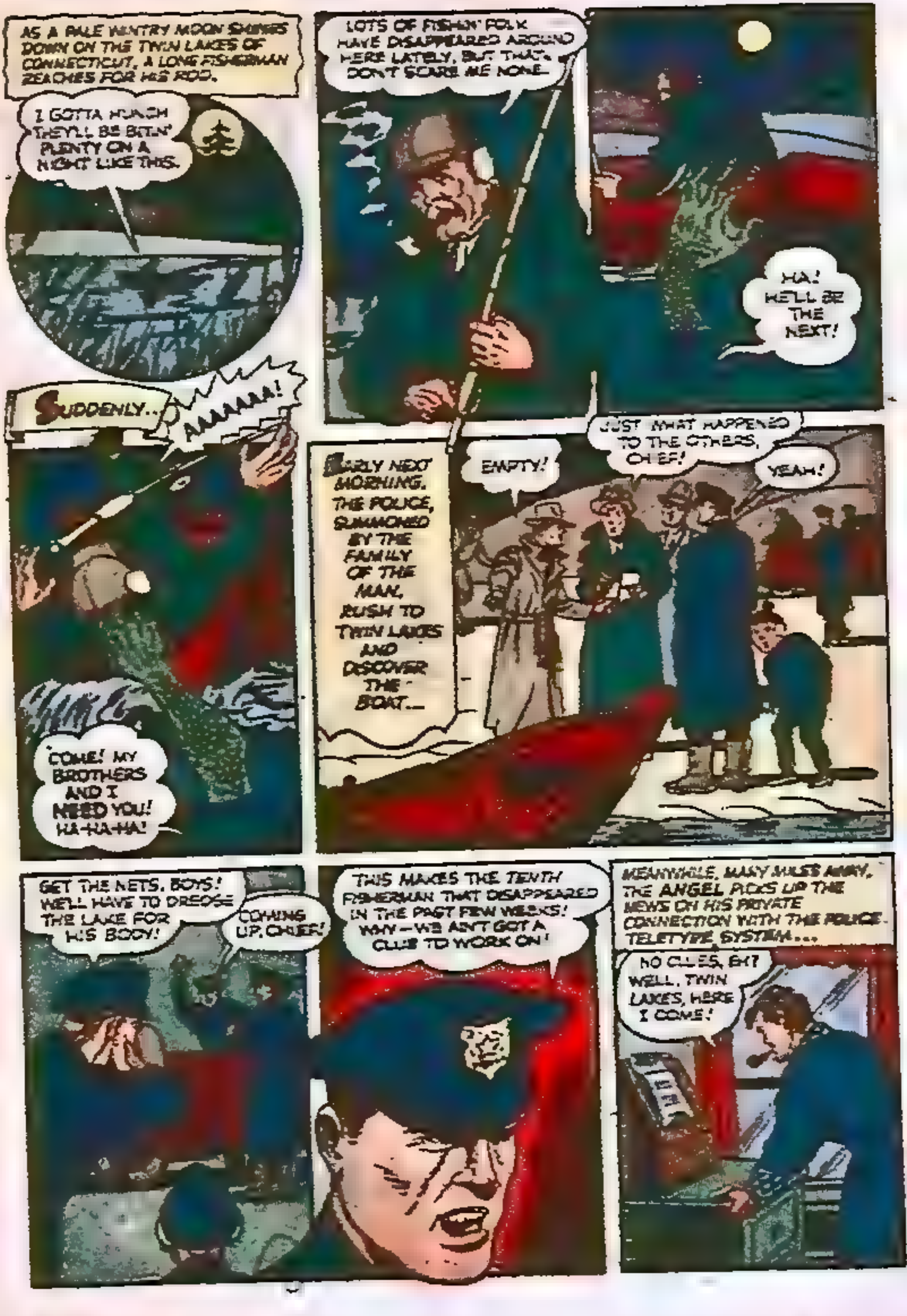

MEANWHILE IN THE FACTORY...
IT IS TIME! TURN ON THE SWITCH!
YA!
BUT...
AGHRRR! I'M CHOKING!
THE GAS! – IT IS NOT GOING THROUGH THE SMOKESTACK!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
THE DOORS ARE LOCKED!
NOT THIS ONE!
AH --- FRESH AIR! DON'T SHOOT!
MONKEY TRICKS!
CHK-CHK! GRRRR!
LATER...
TAKE THEM TO HEADQUARTERS!
WHERE IS OUR LEADER?
WHY DON'T THE CHLORINE GO OUDT THE CHIMNEY!
HA-HA! THAT ANSWERS BOTH YOUR QUESTIONS!
DONDER UN BLITZEN! GET ME OUT OF HERE!
THANKS TO YOU KIDS, OUR SHIPBUILDING PROGRAM WAS SAVED FROM A DEADLY ATTACK!
THIS COUNTRY HAS NO ROOM FOR SABOTEURS!

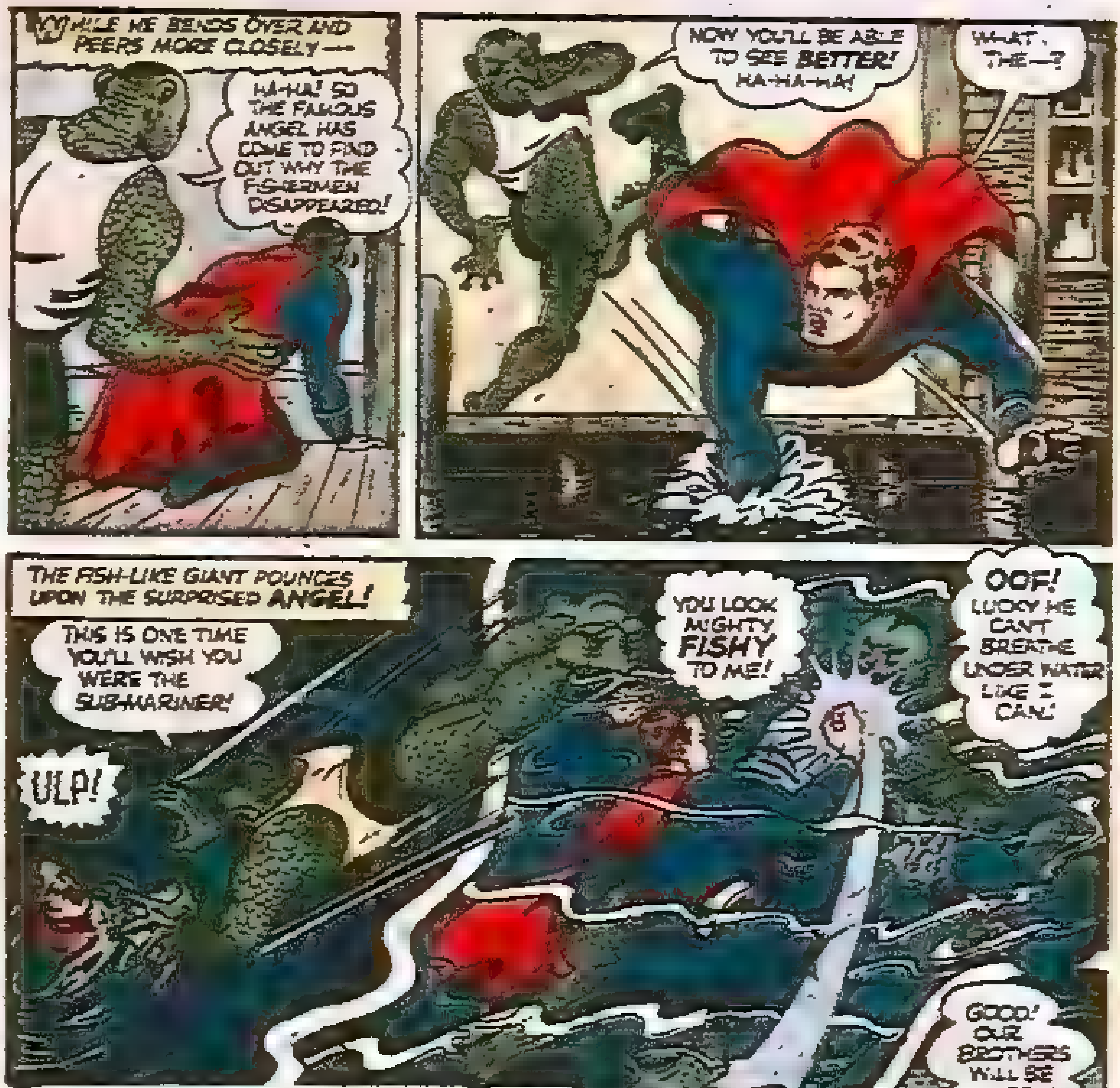
TERRY VANCE
WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT
MARVEL COMICS!

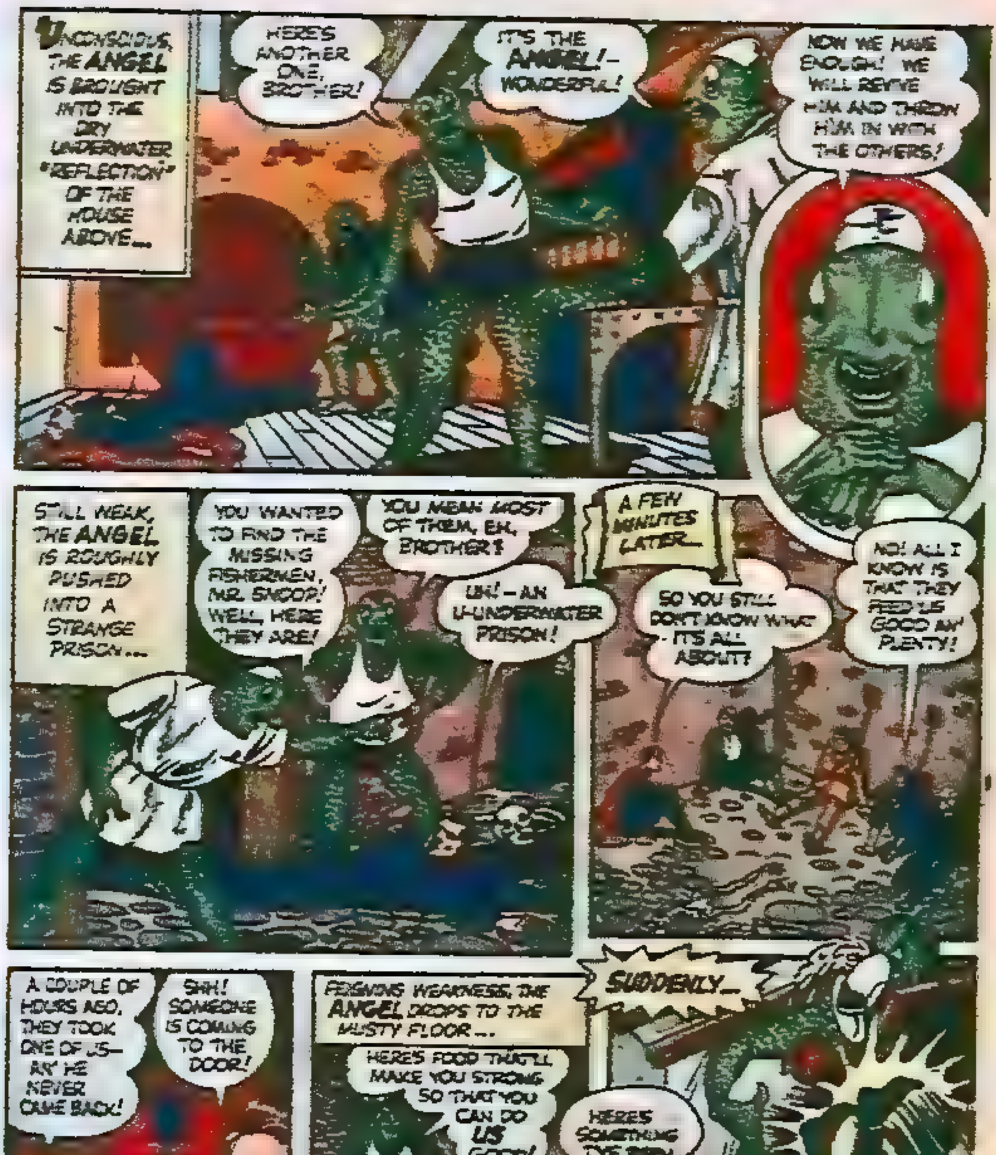
* * *

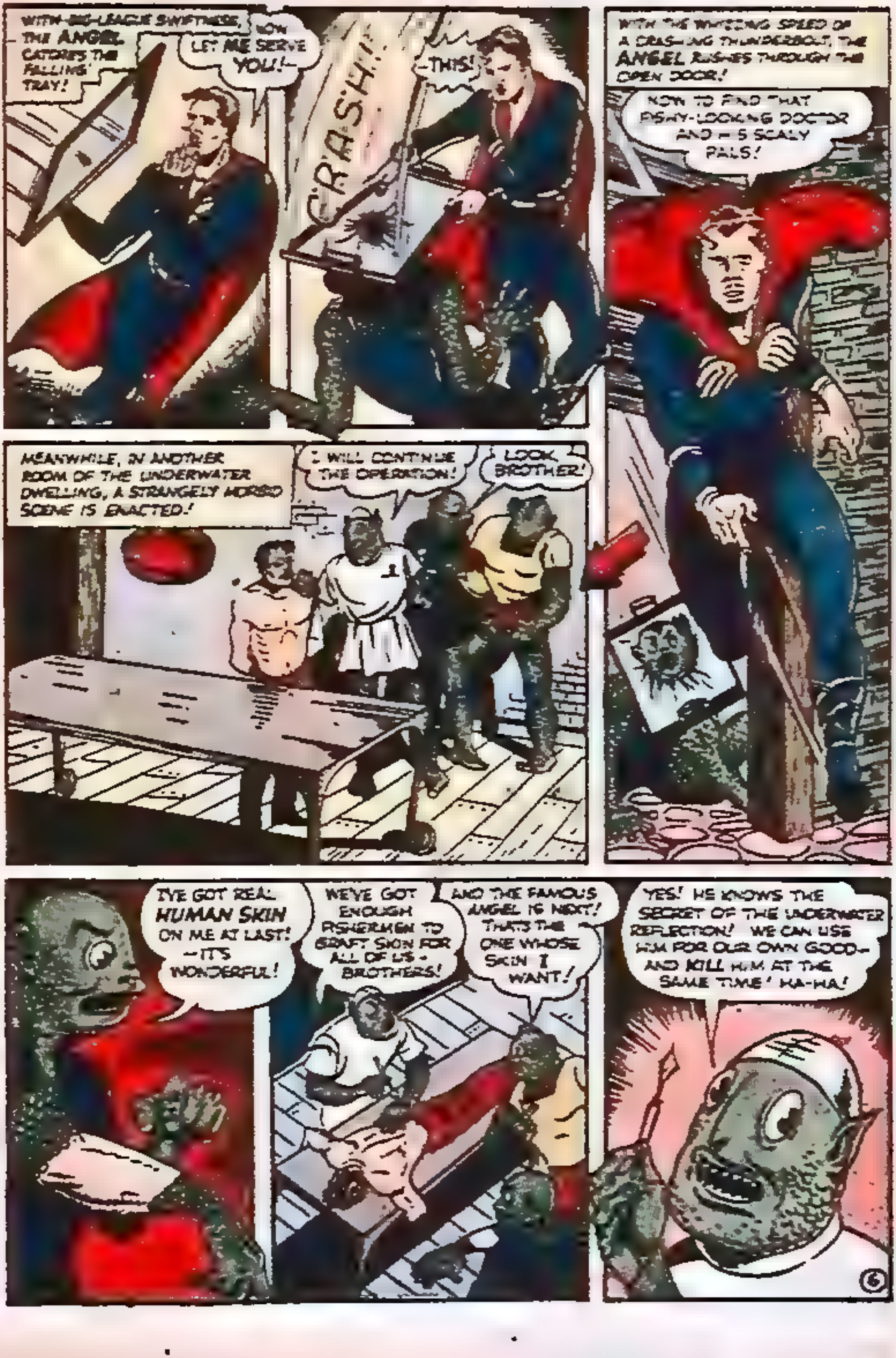
MEANWHILE, DR WATSON SAYS-
"LET'S MAKE MONKEYS OUT OF THE JAPS!---BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS TODAY"

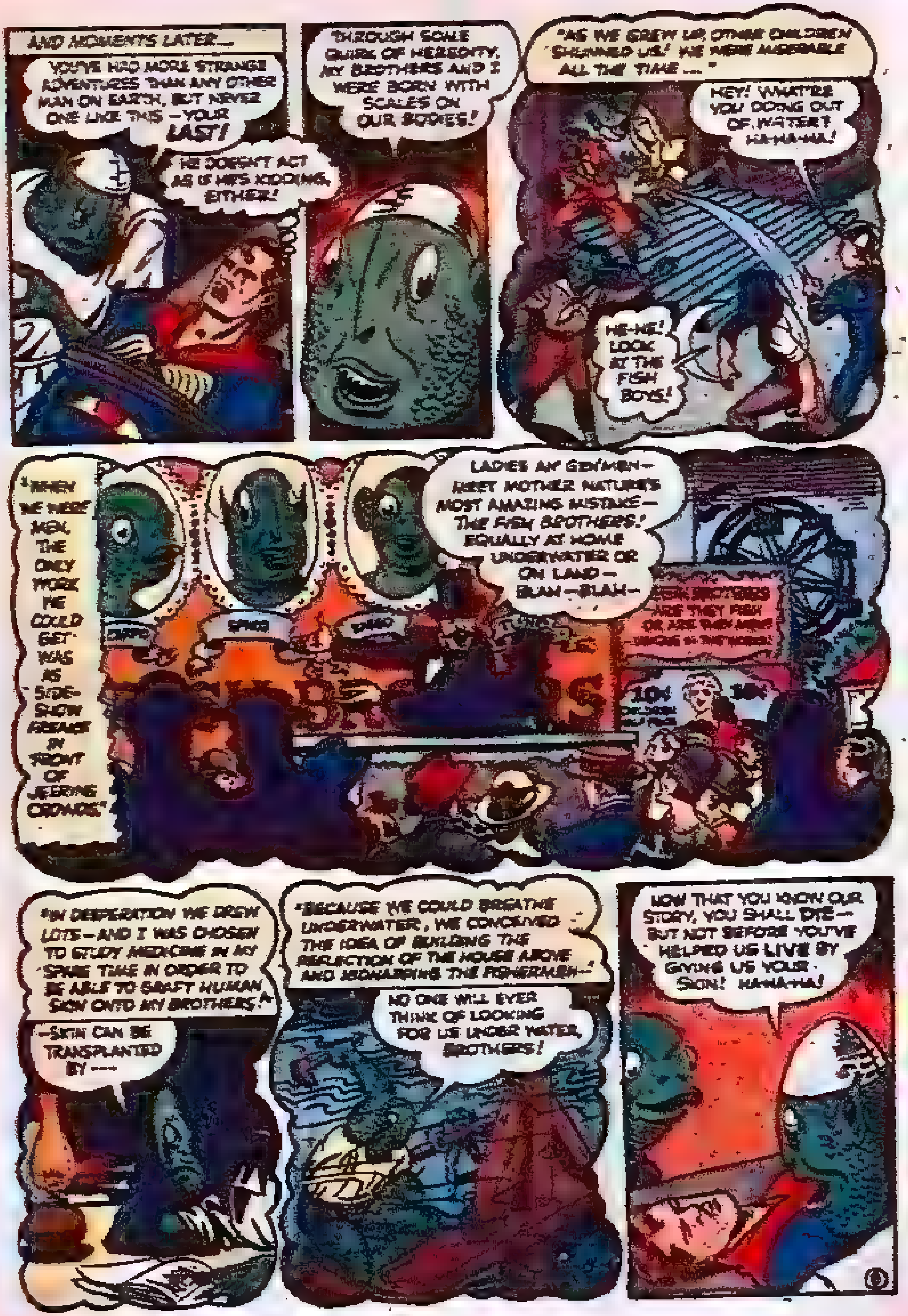

The ANGEL
SOLVES THE CASE OF "The MISSING FISHERMEN"
WITH FURY IN THEIR HEARTS, CERTAIN OF MOTHER NATURE'S "MISTAKES" THEY PLOT AN AMAZING REVENGE... AND THE ANGEL LASHES OUT AGAINST ALMOST INVULNERABLE FOES!


AS A PALE WINTRY MOON SHINES DOWN ON THE TWIN LAKES OF CONNECTICUT, A LONE FISHERMAN REACHES FOR HIS ROD.
I GOTTA HUNCH THEY'LL BE BITIN' PLENTY ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS.
LOTS OF FISHIN' FOLK HAVE DISAPPEARED AROUND HERE LATELY, BUT THAT DON'T SCARE ME NONE.
HA! HE'LL BE THE NEXT!
SUDDENLY..
AAAAAAAA!
COME! MY BROTHERS AND I NEED YOU! HA-HA-HA!
EARLY NEXT MORNING, THE POLICE, SUMMONED BY THE FAMILY OF THE MAN, RUSH TO TWIN LAKES AND DISCOVER THE BOAT...
EMPTY!
JUST WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS, CHIEF!
YEAH!
GET THE NETS, BOYS! WE'LL HAVE TO DREDGE THE LAKE FOR HIS BODY!
COMING UP, CHIEF!
THIS MAKES THE TENTH FISHERMAN THAT DISAPPEARED IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS! WHY — WE AIN'T GOT A CLUE TO WORK ON!
MEANWHILE, MANY MILES AWAY, THE ANGEL PICKS UP THE NEWS ON HIS PRIVATE CONNECTION WITH THE POLICE TELETYPE SYSTEM...
NO CLUES, EH? WELL, TWIN LAKES, HERE I COME!

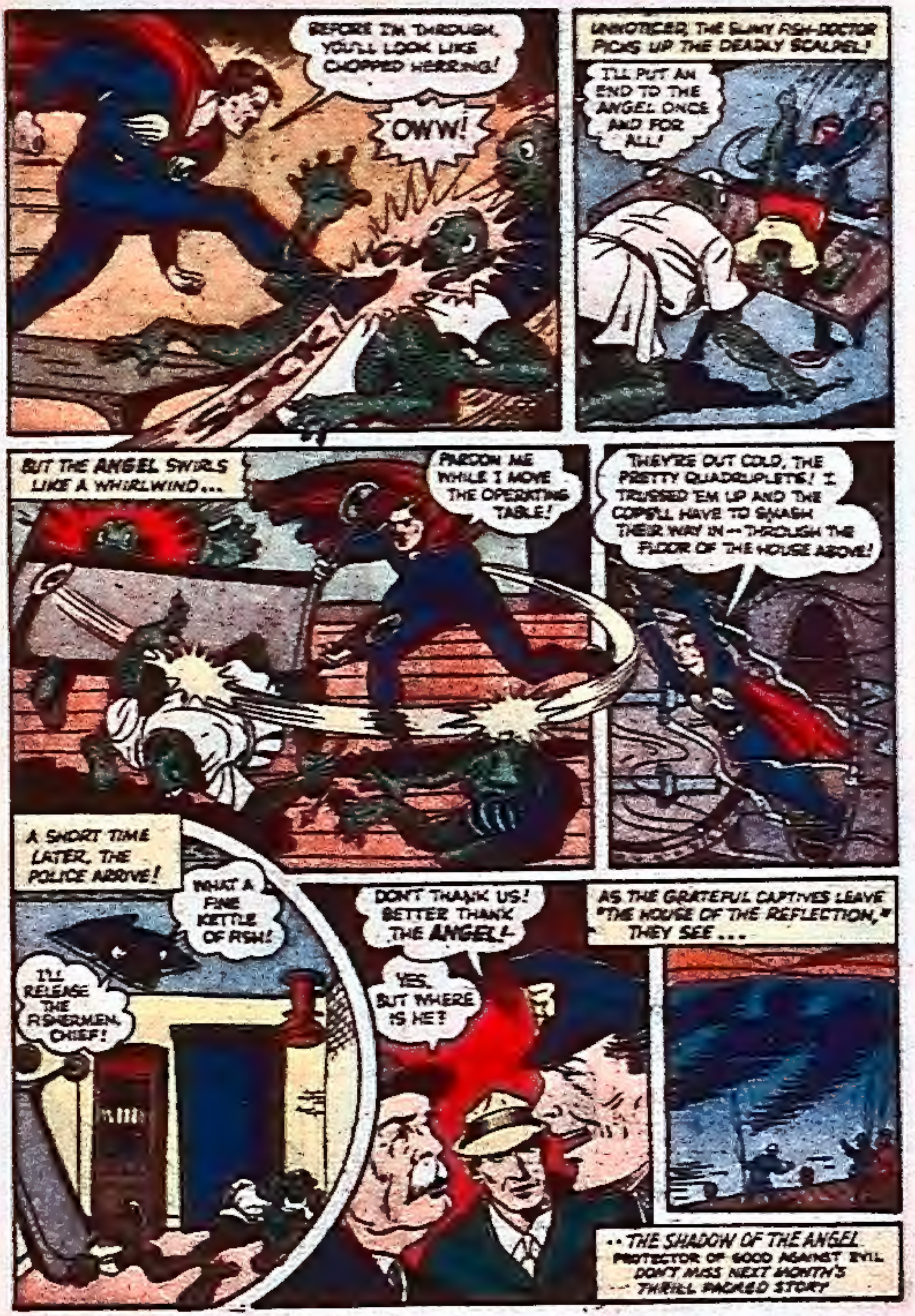

WHILE HE BENDS OVER AND PEERS MORE CLOSELY---
HA-HA! SO THE FAMOUS ANGEL HAS COME TO FIND OUT WHY THE FISHERMEN DISAPPEARED!
NOW YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE BETTER! HA-HA-HA!
WHAT... THE--?
THE FISH-LIKE GIANT POUNCES UPON THE SURPRISED ANGEL!
THIS IS ONE TIME YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE THE SUB-MARINER!
ULP!
YOU LOOK MIGHTY FISHY TO ME!
OOF! LUCKY HE CAN'T BREATHE UNDER WATER LIKE I CAN!
THE STRANGE CREATURE SOON DRAGS THE SEMI-CONSCIOUS ANGEL TO AN UNDERWATER DOOR--
WAITING!--COME IN AND MEET THE FAMILY!
SO--THE--REFLECTION RR-REALLY--IS A--F-FAKE!
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS, BROTHER!
GOOD! OUR BROTHERS WILL BE HAPPY!
4

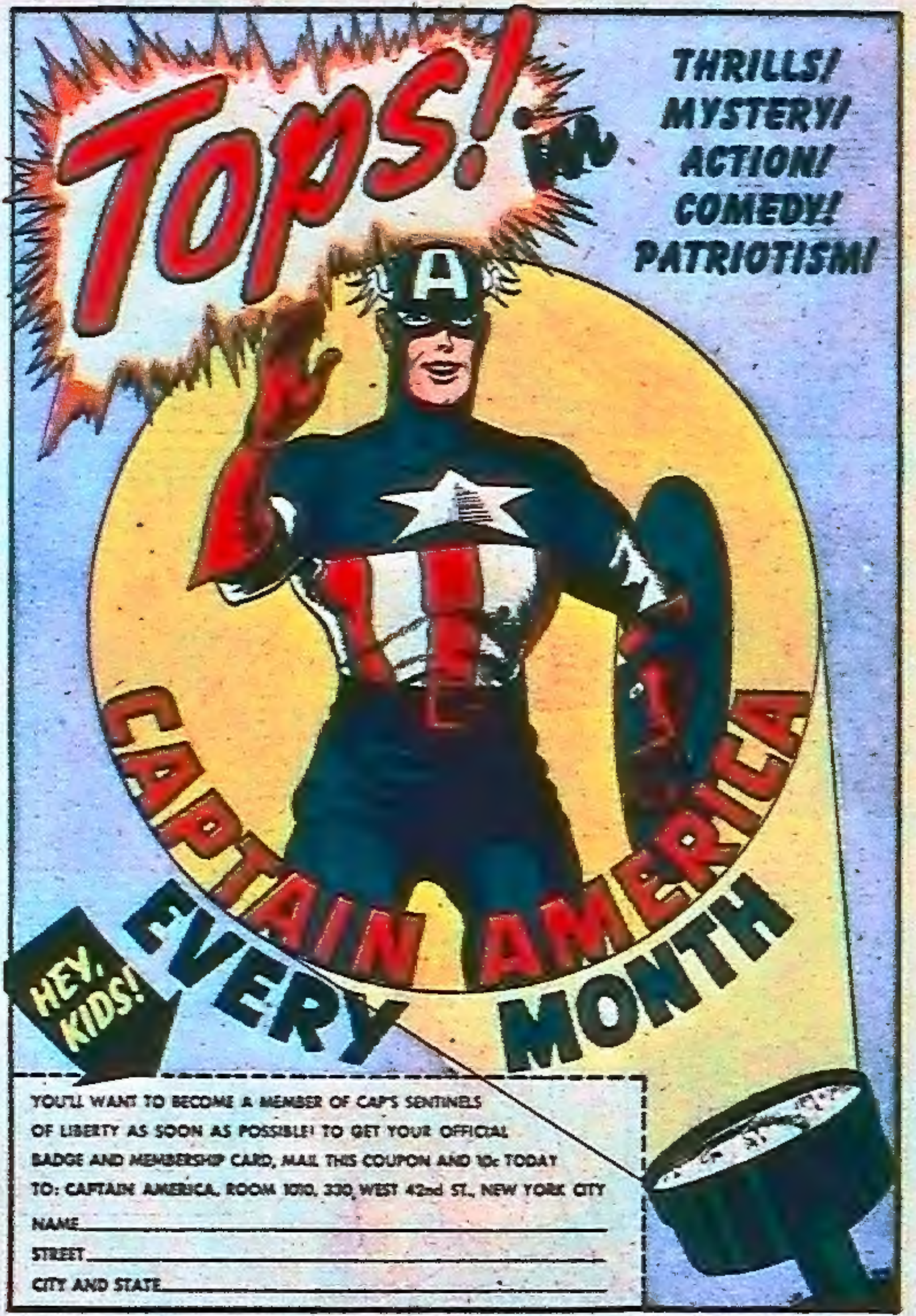

UNCONSCIOUS, THE ANGEL IS BROUGHT INTO THE DRY UNDERWATER "REFLECTION" OF THE HOUSE ABOVE...
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE, BROTHER!
IT'S THE ANGEL! — WONDERFUL!
NOW WE HAVE ENOUGH! WE WILL REVIVE HIM AND THROW HIM IN WITH THE OTHERS!
STILL WEAK, THE ANGEL IS ROUGHLY PUSHED INTO A STRANGE PRISON...
YOU WANTED TO FIND THE MISSING FISHERMEN, MR. SNOOP! WELL, HERE THEY ARE!
YOU MEAN MOST OF THEM, EH, BROTHER?
UH! — AN U-UNDERWATER PRISON!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
SO YOU STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT?
NO! ALL I KNOW IS THAT THEY FEED US GOOD AN' PLENTY!
A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO, THEY TOOK ONE OF US — AN' HE NEVER CAME BACK!
SHH! SOMEONE IS COMING TO THE DOOR!
FEIGNING WEAKNESS, THE ANGEL DROPS TO THE MUSTY FLOOR...
HERE'S FOOD THAT'LL MAKE YOU STRONG SO THAT YOU CAN DO US GOOD!
THIS IS MY CHANCE!
SUDDENLY...
HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR YOU, FISH HEAD!


WITH BIG-LEAGUE SWIFTNESS, THE ANGEL CATCHES THE FALLING TRAY!
NOW LET ME SERVE YOU!—
CRASH!
—THIS!
WITH THE WHIZZING SPEED OF A CRASHING THUNDERBOLT, THE ANGEL RUSHES THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR!
NOW TO FIND THAT FISHY-LOOKING DOCTOR AND HIS SCALY PALS!
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER ROOM OF THE UNDERWATER DWELLING, A STRANGELY MORBID SCENE IS ENACTED!
I WILL CONTINUE THE OPERATION!
LOOK, BROTHER!
I'VE GOT REAL HUMAN SKIN ON ME AT LAST! —IT'S WONDERFUL!
WE'VE GOT ENOUGH FISHERMEN TO GRAFT SKIN FOR ALL OF US - BROTHERS!
AND THE FAMOUS ANGEL IS NEXT! THAT'S THE ONE WHOSE SKIN I WANT!
YES! HE KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE UNDERWATER REFLECTION! WE CAN USE HIM FOR OUR OWN GOOD— AND KILL HIM AT THE SAME TIME! HA-HA!
6


AND MOMENTS LATER...
YOU'VE HAD MORE STRANGE ADVENTURES THAN ANY OTHER MAN ON EARTH, BUT NEVER ONE LIKE THIS — YOUR LAST!
HE DOESN'T ACT AS IF HE'S KIDDING, EITHER!
"THROUGH SOME QUIRK OF HEREDITY, MY BROTHERS AND I WERE BORN WITH SCALES ON OUR BODIES!
"AS WE GREW UP, OTHER CHILDREN SHUNNED US! WE WERE MISERABLE ALL THE TIME..."
HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING OUT OF WATER? HA-HA-HA!
HE-HE! LOOK AT THE FISH BOYS!
"WHEN WE WERE MEN, THE ONLY WORK WE COULD GET WAS AS SIDE-SHOW FREAKS IN FRONT OF JEERING CROWDS."
LADIES AN' GEN'MEN — MEET MOTHER NATURE'S MOST AMAZING MISTAKE — THE FISH BROTHERS! EQUALLY AT HOME UNDERWATER OR ON LAND — BLAH — BLAH —
FISH BROTHERS —ARE THEY FISH OR ARE THEY MEN?
10¢
"IN DESPERATION WE DREW LOTS — AND I WAS CHOSEN TO STUDY MEDICINE IN MY SPARE TIME IN ORDER TO BE ABLE TO GRAFT HUMAN SKIN ONTO MY BROTHERS."
— SKIN CAN BE TRANSPLANTED BY —
"BECAUSE WE COULD BREATHE UNDERWATER, WE CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF BUILDING THE REFLECTION OF THE HOUSE ABOVE AND KIDNAPPING THE FISHERMEN—"
NO ONE WILL EVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR US UNDER WATER, BROTHERS!
NOW THAT YOU KNOW OUR STORY, YOU SHALL DIE — BUT NOT BEFORE YOU'VE HELPED US LIVE BY GIVING US YOUR SKIN! HA-HA-HA!

ULP!


BEFORE I'M THROUGH, YOU'LL LOOK LIKE CHOPPED HERRING!
OWW!
SOCK
UNNOTICED, THE SLIMY FISH-DOCTOR PICKS UP THE DEADLY SCALPEL!
I'LL PUT AN END TO THE ANGEL ONCE AND FOR ALL!
BUT THE ANGEL SWIRLS LIKE A WHIRLWIND...
PARDON ME WHILE I MOVE THE OPERATING TABLE!
THEY'RE OUT COLD, THE PRETTY QUADRUPLETS! I TRUSSED 'EM UP AND THE COPS'LL HAVE TO SMASH THEIR WAY IN -- THROUGH THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE ABOVE!
A SHORT TIME LATER, THE POLICE ARRIVE!
WHAT A FINE KETTLE OF FISH!
I'LL RELEASE THE FISHERMEN, CHIEF!
DON'T THANK US! BETTER THANK THE ANGEL!
YES, BUT WHERE IS HE?
AS THE GRATEFUL CAPTIVES LEAVE "THE HOUSE OF THE REFLECTION," THEY SEE...
...THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL PROTECTOR OF GOOD AGAINST EVIL DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S THRILL PACKED STORY


TOPS! in
THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HEY, KIDS!
EVERY MONTH

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY AND STATE____________________

FUN · SPORT · THRILLS · GAMES
FUN FOR BOYS
FREE
GAME KIT

New DAISY Play Guns
READY
BANG
BANG
BANG
DAISY COMMANDO
Repeating PLAY GUN
CHATTERMATIC
89¢
DAISY AIR RIFLES